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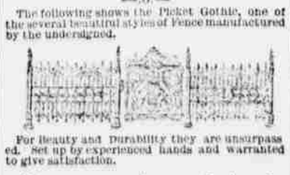

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CHAPTER XXII.

MR. PLOWDEN GOES A WOOING.

Mr. Plowden was not a suitor to let the grass grow under his feet. As he once took the trouble to explain to Florence, he considered that there was nothing like boldness in wooing, and he acted up to his convictions. Possessing no more delicacy of feeling than a bull elephant, and as much consideration for the lady as the elephant has for the lily it tramples under foot, he, figuratively speaking, charged at Eva every time he saw her. He laid wait for her round corners and asked her to marry him; he dropped in on her at odd hours, and insisted upon her marrying him. It was quite useless for her to say "No, no, no," or to appeal to his better feelings or compassion, for he had none. He simply would not listen to her; but encouraged thereto by the moral support which he received from Florence, he crushed the poor girl with his amorous eloquence.

It was a merry chase that Florence sat and watched with a dark smile on her scornful lip! In vain did the poor white doe dash along at her best speed, the great black hound was ever at her flank, and each time she turned came bounding at her throat. This idea of a chase, and a hound, and a doe, took such a strong possession of Florence's saturnine imagination that she actually made a drawing of it, for she was a clever artist, throwing by a few strokes of her pencil a perfect likeness of Mr. Plowden into the fierce features of the hound. The doe she drew with Eva's dark eyes, and when she had done them there was such a world of agony in their tortured gaze that she could not bear to look at them, and tore her picture up.

One day Florence came in and found her sister weeping.

"Well, Eva, what is it now?" she asked, contemptuously.

"Mr. Plowden," sobbed Eva.

"Oh, Mr. Plowden again! Well, my dear, if you will be so beautiful, and encourage men, you must take the consequences."

"I never encouraged Mr. Plowden."

"Nonsense, Eva! you will not get me to believe that. If you do not encourage him he would not go on making love to you. Gentlemen are not so fond of being snubbed."

"Mr. Plowden is not a gentleman," exclaimed Eva.

"What makes you say that?"

"Because a gentleman would not persecute one as he does. He will not take No for an answer, and to-day he kissed my hand. I tried to get it away from him, but I could not. Oh, I hate him!"

"I tell you what it is, Eva; I have no patience with you and your fancies. Mr. Plowden is a very respectable man; he is a clergyman, and well off, altogether quite the sort of man to marry. Ah, Ernest—I am sick of Ernest. If he wanted to marry you he should not go shooting people and then running off to south Africa. Don't you be so silly as to pin your faith to a boy like that. He was all very well to flirt with while he was here; now he has made a fool of himself and gone, and there is an end of him."

"But, Florence, I love Ernest. I think I love him more dearly every day, and I detest Mr. Plowden."

"Very likely. I don't ask you to love Mr. Plowden; I ask you to marry him. What have love and marriage got to do with each other, I should like to know? If people were always to marry the people they loved things would soon get into a pretty mess. Look here, Eva, as you know, I do not often obtrude myself or my own interests, but I think that I have a right to be considered a little in this matter. You have now got an opportunity of making a home for both of us. There is nothing against Mr. Plowden. Why should you not marry him as well as anybody else? Of course, if you choose to sacrifice your own ultimate happiness and the comfort of us both to a silly whim, I cannot prevent you, you are your own mistress. Only I beg you to disabuse your mind of the idea that you could not be happy with Mr. Plowden, because you happen to fancy yourself in love with Ernest. Why, in six months you will have forgotten all about him."

"But I don't want to forget about him."

"I dare say not. That is your abominable egotism again. But whether you want to or not, you will. In a year or two, when you have your own interests and your children"——

"Florence, you may talk till midnight if you like, but once and for all, I will not marry Mr. Plowden," and she swept out of the room in her stately way.

Florence laughed softly to herself as she said after her:

"Ah, yes you will, Eva. I shall be pinning a bride's veil on to that proud head of yours before you are six months older, my dear."

Florence was quite right; it was only a question of time and cunningly applied pressure. Eva yielded at last.

But there is no need for us to follow the hateful story through its various stages. If by chance any of the readers of this history are curious about them, let them go and study from the life. Such cases exist around them, and, so far as the victims are concerned, there is a painful monotony in the development of their details and their conclusion.

And so it came to pass that one afternoon in the early summer, Florence, coming in from walking, found Mr. Plowden and her sister together in the little drawing room. The latter was very pale, and shrinking with scared eyes and trembling limbs up against the mantel piece, near which she was standing. The former, looking big and vulgar, was standing over her and trying to take her hand.

"Congratulate me, Miss Florence," he said. "Eva has promised to be mine."

"Has she?" said Florence, coldly. "How glad you must be that Mr. Jones is out of the way!"

It was not a kind speech, but the fact was, there were few people in the world for whom Florence had such a complete contempt or whom she regarded with such intense dislike as she did Mr. Plowden. The mere presence of the man irritated her beyond all bearing. He was an instrument suited to her purposes, so she used him; but she could find it in her heart to regret that the instrument was not more pleasant to handle.

Mr. Plowden turned pale at her taunt, and even in the midst of her fear and misery Eva smiled and thought to herself that it was lucky for her hateful lover that somebody else was "out of the way."

"Poor Eva!" you think to yourself, my reader; "there was nothing poor about her; she was weak, she was contemptible."

Poor Eva! Yes, give her all your pity, but purge it of your contempt. It requires that a woman should possess a mind of unusual robustness to stand out against circumstances such as hemmed her in, and this she did not possess. Nature, which had showered physical gifts upon her with such a lavish hand, had not given her that most useful of all gifts, the power of self defense. She was made to yield, but this was her only fault. For the rest she was pure as the mountain snow, and with a heart of gold. Herself incapable of deceit, it never occurred to her to imagine it in others. She never suspected that Florence could have a motive in her advocacy of Mr. Plowden's cause. On the contrary, she was possessed to the full with that idea of duty and self sacrifice which in some women amounts almost to madness. The notion so cleverly started by Florence, that she was bound to take this opportunity of giving her sister a home and the permanent protection of a brother-in-law, had taken a firm hold of her mind.

As for the cruel wrong and injustice which her marriage with Mr. Plowden would work to Ernest, it, strange as it may seem, never occurred to her to consider the matter in that light. She knew what her own sufferings were and always must be; she knew that she would rather die than be false to Ernest; but somehow she never looked at the other side of the picture, never considered the matter from Ernest's point of view. After the true, womanly fashion she was prepared to throw herself under her hideous Juggernaut called duty, and let her inner life, the life of her heart, be crushed out of her; but she never thought of the twin life which was welded with her own, and which must be crushed too. How curious it is that when women talk so much of their duties they often think so little of the higher duty which they owe to the man whose whole love they have won, and whom they cherish in their misguided hearts! The only feasible explanation of the mystery is, that one of the ideas that has been persistently drilled into the female breast is that men have not any real feelings. It is vaguely supposed that they will "get over it." However this may be, when a woman decides to do violence to her natural feelings and contracts herself into an unholy marriage, the lover whom she deserts is generally the last person to be considered. Poor wretch! he will, no doubt, "get over it."

Fortunately, many do.

CHAPTER XXII

OVER THE WATER.

Mr. Alston and Ernest carried out their plans as regards sport. They went up to Lydenburg and had a month's wilderbeeste and blesbok shooting within three days' "trek" with an ox wagon from that curious little town. The style of life was quite new to Ernest, and he enjoyed it much. They had an ox wagon and a span of sixteen "salted" oxen, that is, oxen which will not die of lung sickness, and in this lumbering vehicle they traveled about wherever fancy or the presence of buck took them. Mr. Alston and his boy Roger slept in the wagon and Ernest in a little tent which was pitched every night alongside, and never did he sleep sounder. There was a freshness and freedom about the life which charmed him. It is pleasant after the day's shooting or traveling to partake of the hearty meal, of which the piece de resistance generally consists of a stew compounded indiscriminately of wilde-beeste beef, bustard, partridges, snipe, rice and compressed vegetables—a dish, by the way, which is, if properly cooked, fit to set before a king. And then comes the pipe, or rather a succession of pipes, and the talk over the day's sport, and the effect of that long shot, and the hunting yarn that it "reminds me" of. And after the yarn the well known square bottle is produced, and the tin pannikins, out of which you have been drinking tea, are sent to the spring down in the hollow to be washed by the Zulu "voorlooper," who objects to going because of the "spooks" (ghosts) which he is credibly informed inhabit that hollow; and you indulge in your evening "tot," and smoke more pipes, and talk or ruminate as the fancy takes you. And then at last up comes the splendid African moon like a radiant queen rising from a throne of inky cloud, flooding the whole wide veldt with mysterious light and reveals the long lines of game slowly traveling to their feeding grounds along the ridges of the rolling plain.

After a month of this life Mr. Alston came to the conclusion that there would now be no danger in descending into the low country toward Delagoo bay in search of large game. Accordingly, they started. For the first month or so things went very well with them. They killed a good quantity of buffalo, koodoo, eland, and water buck, also two giraffe, but to Ernest's great disappointment did not come across any rhinoceros, and only got a shot at one lion, which he missed, though there were plenty around them.

* * * * * * *

As they were approaching the wagon they met the Zulu voorlooper, a lad called Jim, who had been out all day watching the cattle as they grazed. He saluted Mr. Alston after the Zulu fashion, by lifting his right arm and saying the word "Inkoos," and then stood still.

"Well, what is it, boy?" asked Mr. Alston. "Have you lost the oxen?"

"No, Inkoos, the oxen are safe at the yoke. It is this. When I was sitting on the kopje yonder, watching that the oxen of Inkoos should not stray, an Intombi" (young girl) "from the kraal under the mountain yonder came to me. She is the daughter of a Zulu mother who fell into the hands of a Basutu dog and my half cousin."

"Well?"

"Inkoos, I have met this girl before. I have met her when I have been sent to buy 'maas'" (butter-milk) "at the kraal."

"Good."

"Inkoos, the girl came to bring heavy news, such as will press upon your heart. Sikukuni, chief of the Bapedi, who lives over yonder under the Blue mountains, has declared war against the Boers."

"I hear."

"Sikukuni wants rifles for his men such as the Boers use. He has heard of the Inkosis hunting here. To-night he will send an Impi to kill the Inkosis and take their guns."

"These are the words of the Intombi?"

"Yes, Inkoos, these are her very words. She was sitting outside the tent grinding 'mphi'" (Kaffer corn) "for beer, when she heard Sikukuni's messenger order her father to call the men together to kill us to-night."

"I hear. At what time of the night was the killing to be?"

"At the first break of the dawn, so that they may have light to take the wagon away by."

"Good! We shall escape them. The moon will be up in an hour, and we can trek away."

The lad's face fell.

"Alas!" he said; "it is impossible; there is a spy watching the camp now. He is up there among the rocks; I saw him as I brought the oxen home. If we move he will report it, and we shall be overtaken in an hour."

Mr. Alston thought for a moment, and then made up his mind with the rapidity that characterizes men who spend their life in dealing with savage races.

"Mazooku," he called to a Zulu who was sitting smoking by the camp fire, a man whom Ernest had hired as his particular servant. The man rose and came to him and saluted.

He was not a very tall man, but, standing there made except for the "moocha" round his center, his proportions, especially those of the chest and lower limbs, looked gigantic. He had been a soldier in one of Cetywayo's regiments, but having been so indiscreet as to break through some of the Zulu marriage laws, had been forced to fly for refuge to Natal, where he had become a groom, and picked up a peculiar language which he called English. Even among a people where all the men are fearless, he bore a reputation for bravery. Leaving him standing a while, Mr. Alston rapidly explained the state of the case to Ernest, and what he proposed to do. Then turning he addressed the Zulu.

"Mazooku, the Inkoos here, your master, tells me that he thinks you a brave man."

The Zulu's handsome face expanded into a smile that was positively alarming in its extent.

"He says that you told him that when you were Cetywayo's man in the Undi regiment, you once killed four Basutus, who set upon you together."

Mazooku lifted his right hand and saluted by way of answer, and then glanced slightly at the assegai wounds on his chest.

"Well, I tell your master that I do not believe you. It is a lie you speak to him; you ran away from Cetywayo because you did not like to fight and be killed as the king's ox, as a brave man should."

The Zulu colored up under his dusky skin, and again glanced at his wounds.

"Ow-w!" he said.

"Bah! there is no need for you to look at those scratches; they were left by women's nails. You are nothing but a woman. Silence! who told you to speak? If you are not a woman, show it. There is an armed Basutu among those rocks. He watches us. Your master cannot eat and sleep in peace when he is watched. Take that big 'bang-wan' (stabbing assegai) you are so fond of showing and kill him, or die a coward! He must make no sound, remember."

Mazooku turned toward Ernest for confirmation of the order. A Zulu always likes to take his orders straight from his own chief. Mr. Alston noticed it, and added:

"I am the Inkoosi's mouth and speak his words."

Mazooku saluted again, and, turning, went to the wagon to fetch his assegai.

"Tread softly, or you will wake him, and he will run from so great a man," Mr. Alston called after him, sarcastically.

"I go among the rocks to seek 'mouti'" (medicine), the Zulu answered, with a smile.

"We are in a serious mess, my boy," said Mr. Alston to Ernest, "and it is a toss up if we get out of it. I taunted that fellow so that there may be no mistake about the spy. He must be killed, and Mazooku would rather die himself than not kill him now."

"Would it not have been safer to send another man with him?"

"Yes; but I was afraid that if the scout saw two men coming toward him he would make off, however innocent they might look. Our horses are dead, and if that fellow escapes we shall never get out of this place alive. It would be folly to expect Basutus to distinguish between Boers and Englishmen when their blood is up, and, besides, Sikukuni has sent orders that we are to be killed, and they would not dare to disobey. Look, there goes Mr. Mazooku, with an assegai as big as a fire shovel."

The kopje, or stony hill, where the spy was hid, was about 300 yards from the little hollow in which the camp was formed, and across the stretch of tussy plain between the two, Mazooku was quietly strolling, his assegai in one hand and two long sticks in the other. Presently he vanished in the shadow, for the sun was rapidly setting, and after what seemed a long pause to Ernest, who was watching his movements through a pair of field glasses, reappeared walking along the shoulder of the hill right against the sky line, his eyes fixed upon the ground as though he were searching among the crevices of the rocks for the medical herbs which Zulus prize.

All of a sudden Ernest saw the stalwart form straighten itself and spring, with the assegai in its hand raised to the level of its head, down into a dip, which hid it from sight. Then came a pause, lasting perhaps for twenty seconds. On the further side of the dip was a large flat rock, which was straight in a line with the fiery ball of the setting sun. Suddenly a tall figure sprung up out of the hollow on to this rock, followed by another figure, in whom Ernest recognized Mazooku. For a moment the men, looking from the position like figures afire, struggled together on the top of the flat stone, and Ernest could clearly distinguish the quick flash of their spears as they struck at each other, then they vanished together over the edge of the stone.

"By Jove!" said Ernest, who was trembling with excitement, "I wonder how it has ended?"

"We shall know presently," answered Mr. Alston, coolly. "At any rate the die is cast one way or other, and we may as well make a bolt for it. Now, you Zulus, down with those tents and get the oxen inspanned, and look quick about it, if you don't want a Basutu assegai to send you to join the spirit of Chaka."

The voorlooper Jim had by this time communicated his alarming intelligence to the driver and other Kaffers, and Mr. Alston's exhortation to look sharp was quite unnecessary. Ernest never saw camp struck or oxen inspanned with such rapidity before. But before the first tent was fairly down they were all enormously relieved to see Mazooku coming trotting cheerfully across the plain, droning a little Zulu song as he ran. His appearance, however, was by no means cheerful, for he was perfectly drenched with blood, some of it flowing from a wound in his left shoulder, and the rest evidently, till recently, the personal property of somebody else. Arrived in front of where Mr. Alston and Ernest were standing, he raised his broad assegai, which was still dripping blood, and saluted.

"I hear," said Mr. Alston.

"I have done the Inkoosi's bidding. There were two of them; the first I killed easily in the hollow, but the other, a very big man, fought well for a Basutu. They are dead, and I threw them into a hole that their brothers might not find them easily."

"Good! go wash yourself and get your master's things into the wagon. Stop! let me sew up that cut. How came you to be so awkward as to get touched by a Basutu?"

"Inkoos, he was very quick with his spear, and he fought like a cat."

Mr. Alston did not reply, but taking a stout needle and some silk from a little housewife he carried in his pocket, he quickly stitched up the assegai gash, which fortunately was not a deep one. Mazooku stood without flinching till the job was finished and then retired to wash himself at the spring.

The short twilight rapidly faded into darkness, or rather into what would have been darkness had it not been for the half grown moon, which was to serve to light them on their path. Then a large fire having been lit on the site of the camp, to make it appear as though it were still pitched there, the order was given to start. The oxen, obedient to the voice of the driver, strained at the trek-tow, the wagon creaked and jolted and they began their long flight for life. The order of march was as follows: Two hundred yards a head of the wagon walked a Kaffer, with strict orders to keep his eyes very wide open indeed, and report in the best way possible under the circumstances if he detected any signs of an ambush. At the head of the long line of cattle, leading the two front oxen by a "rim," or strip of buffalo hide, was the Zulu boy Jim, to whose timely discovery they owed their lives, and by the side of the wagon the driver, a Cape Hottentot, plodded along in fear and trembling. On the wagon box itself, each with a Winchester repeating rifle on his knees, and keeping a sharp look-out into the shadows, sat Mr. Alston and Ernest. In the hinder part of the wagon, also armed with a rifle and keeping a keen lookout, sat Mazooku. The other servants marched alongside, and the boy Roger was asleep inside, on the "cartle," or bide bed.

And so they traveled on, hour after hour. Now they bumped down terrific hills strewn with bowlders, which would have smashed anything less solid than an African ox wagon to splinters; now they crept along a dark valley, that looked weird and solemn in the moonlight. At last, about midnight, they emerged on to a plain dividing two stretches of mountainous country, and here they halted for a while to give the oxen, which were fortunately in good condition and fat after their long rest, a short breathing time. Then on again through the long, quiet night, on, still on, till the dawn found them the other side of the wide plain at the foot of the mountain range.

Here they rested for two hours, and let the oxen fill themselves with the lush grass. They had traveled thirty miles since the yokes were put upon their necks, not far according to our way of journeying, but very far for cumbersome oxen over an almost impassable country. As soon as the sun was well up they inspanned again, and hurried forward, bethinking them of the Basutu horde who would now be pressing on their spoor; on with brief halts through all that day and the greater part of the following night, till the cattle began to fall down in the yokes—till at last they crossed the boundary, and were in Transvaal territory.

When dawn broke Mr. Alston took the glasses and examined the track over which they had fled. There was nothing to be seen except a great herd of hartebeest.

"I think that we are safe now," he said, at last, "and thank God for it. Do you know what those Basutu devils would have done if they had caught us?"

"What?"

"They would have skinned us, and made our hearts and livers into 'mouti'" (medicine), "and eaten them to give them the courage of the white man."

"By Jove!" said Ernest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A HOMERIC COMBAT.

When Mr. Alston and Ernest found themselves safe upon Transvaal soil, they determined to give up the idea of following any more big game for the present, and to content themselves with the comparatively humble wilderbeeste, blesbok, springbok and other small antelopes. The plan they pursued was to slowly journey from one point of the country to another, stopping wherever they found the buck particularly plentiful. In this way they got excellent sport, and spent several months very agreeably with the further advantage that Ernest obtained considerable knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, the Boers. The time passed on pleasantly enough, till at length they drew near to Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, where they had decided to go and rest the oxen for a month or two before making arrangements for a real big game excursion up toward central Africa. They struck into the Pretoria road just above a town called Heidelberg, about sixty miles from the former place, and proceeded by easy stages toward their destination.

As they went on they generally found it convenient to outspan at spots which it was evident had been used for the same purpose by some wagon which was traveling one stage ahead of them. So frequently did this happen that during their first five or six outspans they were able on no less than three occasions to avail themselves of the dying fires of their predecessors' camp. This was a matter of lively interest to Ernest, who always did cook; and a very good cook he became. One of the great bothers of south African traveling is the fire question. Indeed, how to make sufficient fire to boil a kettle when you have no fuel to make it of is the great question of south African travel. A ready made fire is, therefore, peculiarly acceptable, and for the last half hour of the trek Ernest was always in a great state of expectation as to whether the wagon before them had or had not been considerate enough to leave theirs burning. Thus it came to pass that one morning, when they were about fifteen miles from Pretoria, which they expected to reach the same evening, and the wagon was slowly drawing up to the outspan place, Ernest, accompanied by Mazooku, who lounged about after him like a black shadow, ran forward to see if their predecessors had or had not been considerate. In this instance energy was rewarded, for the fire was still burning.

"Hoorah!" said Ernest; "get the sticks, Mazooku, and go and fill the kettle. By Jove! there's a knife!"

There was a knife, a many bladed knife with a buckhorn handle and a corkscrew in it, left lying by the dying fire. Ernest took it up and looked at it; somehow it seemed familiar to him. He turned round and looked at the silver plate upon it, and suddenly started. "What is the matter, Ernest?" said Mr. Alston, who had joined them.

"Look there," he answered, pointing to two initials cut on the knife.

"Well, I see, some fellow has left his knife; so much the better for the finder."

"You have heard me speak of my friend Jeremy. That is his knife; I gave it to him years ago. Look—J. J."

"Nonsense! it is some knife like it; I have seen hundreds of that make."

"I believe that it is the same. He must be there."

Mr. Alston shrugged his shoulders. "Not probable," he said.

Ernest made no answer. He stood staring at the knife.

"Have you written to your people lately, Ernest?"

"No; the last letter I wrote was down there in Sikukuni's country; you remember I sent it by the Basutu, who was going to Lydenburg, just before Jeffries died."

"Like enough he never got to Lydenburg. He would not have dared to go to Lydenburg after the war broke out. You should write."

"I mean to, from Pretoria; but somehow I have no heart for writing."

Nothing more was said about the matter, and Ernest put the knife in his pocket.

That evening they trekked down through the "Poort," that commands the most charming of the South African towns, and, on the plain below, Pretoria, bathed in the bright glow of the evening sunshine, smiled its welcome to them. Mr. Alston, who knew the town, determined to trek straight through it and outspan the wagon on the further side, where he thought there would be better grazing for the cattle. Accordingly, they rumbled on past the jail, past the pleasant white building which afterward became the Government house, which was at that moment occupied by the English special commissioner and his staff, about whose doings all sorts of rumors had reached them during their journey, and on to the market square. This area was at the moment crowded with Boer wagons, whose owners had trekked in to celebrate their "nachtmaal" (communion), of which it is their habit, in company with their wives and children, to partake four times a year. The "volkstand," or local parliament, was also in special session to consider the proposals made to it on behalf of the imperial government, so that the little town was positively choked with visitors. The road down which they were passing ran past the building used for government offices, and between this and the Dutch church a considerable crowd was gathered, which, to judge from the shouts and volleys of oaths—Dutch and English—that proceeded from it, was working itself up into a state of excitement.

"Hold on," shouted Ernest to the voorlooper, and then, turning to Mr. Alston, "There's a jolly row going on there; let us go and see what it is."

"All right, my boy; where the fighting is there will the Englishmen be gathered together," and they climbed down off the wagon and made for the crowd.

The row was this. Among the Boers assembled for the "nachtmaal" festival was a well known giant of the name of Van Zyl. This man's strength

The Columbian

G. E. Elwell, J. K. Bittenbender., } Editors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1887.

All the candidates who have announced their names are still in the field. Any rumor to the effect that some of them have withdrawn is incorrect.

If any candidate for any county office this year, bolted the democratic ticket three years ago, and supported any republican nominee against the regular democratic nominee, he ought to be defeated. The party organization cannot be maintained if men are to be permitted to jump the traces at one election, and at the next be put in responsible offices by the party they betrayed. This would be putting a premium on treachery, and it is not Democracy.

AN OPEN LETTER TO WILLIAM KRICKBAUM.

DEAR SIR:

The old saying that "nothing but good should be said of the dead" is a very proper one to be observed, but as it does not apply to a "dead duck," nor a defunct politician, you will pardon me for alluding to a few things in this reply, which you have called forth by your very affable communication in the *Sentinel's* last issue. Something seems to have gone wrong with you recently which disturbed the equanimity of your well-known amiable disposition, and which resulted in your pouring out upon the public, by the column, a heap of abuse upon everybody who you imagine had any part in turning you out of the court house. Of course, it is but natural that you should have a feeling of resentment against those who you think assisted in tearing you away from the public pap upon which you feasted for eighteen years and from which you derived a fortune greater than your aggregate salary, but it would have been in much better taste if you had gracefully submitted to the will of the people, instead of bolting the ticket and constantly reviling those who did not approve of your political methods. It is well known that you bought a newspaper, that you might through it, punish your enemies, and at the same time reinstate yourself in the good graces of the democratic party with the hope of again securing a public office. Thus far, you have accomplished neither object, and this failure seems to have soured your temper. You are therefore, ever ready to give vent to your spleen, with or without provocation, and the very thought of your lost grip so inflames your passions that you are liable to be reckless in your assertions and contemptible in your insinuations.

Clerk Casey's letter was the occasion of your recent remarkable utterances, but instead of meeting the serious charge which he makes against you, of altering public records, in a straightforward manly way, you flounder about and denounce everybody else, hoping thus to draw attention from yourself.

But you ask for information, which I cheerfully give you. I did not tell "Mr. Low, Mercantile appraiser in 1885 that I would not agree to allow the list to be published in the *Sentinel* because you did not give me enough advertising while you were in office." To say that I would not *allow* the list to be published in any other paper would have been absurd. I had no control over it, and could not in any way have prevented Mr. Low from publishing it wherever he saw fit. It has been the custom for years to publish the list in three papers, and the amount to which two papers were legally entitled for the work has been divided among three, thus reducing the amount received by each. There is no "division of spoils" about this, as it has cost the state just the same money to have the list printed in three papers, that it would have cost if printed in only two. The law now allows the publication in three papers, and pays them all.

But even if it were "spoils" you did not hesitate to become a "party to the fraud," as you earnestly solicited the appraiser to let you print it and divide the pay into four parts. Had this been done, you would not now be complaining about "defrauding the state." But the COLUMBIAN, *Republican* and *Item* refused to publish it for the sum they would have received if it had gone in four papers, and so you did not get it, although as a final argument you offered Mr. Low a bribe of twenty dollars if he would give it to you. And yet you prate about "spoils"! *You* talk about a "base and truckling course"!!

As to printing tickets in 1878, if I am correctly informed you got them for nothing, and therefore ought not to complain. The prices charged were the same as had been paid for years by candidates, and even then were much lower than what is charged now in most counties of the state.

Your insinuation about paying the sheriff a bonus on advertising is utterly and absolutely untrue.

As to acting a "Judas part" in the Weirman matter three years ago, I have only to say that such an accusation would come from no one but an ingrate. In the last three issues of the COLUMBIAN before the delegate election of 1884, you were given forty inches of space in its columns, while W. H. Snyder filled but twenty-six inches. Both had been previously informed that no articles making charges against the other would be printed the last week before the delegate election unless the accused had an opportunity to reply in the same issue. Mr. Snyder agreed to this, and the affidavits of August 8, 1884 were submitted to you, and your answer was prepared by an attorney, and printed in the same issue. As soon as you learned that Mr. Snyder had left town you acted in bad faith and brought in an affidavit making a serious charge against him and we declined to publish it unless Snyder had the same opportunity of replying that had been given to you. The article was then voluntarily withdrawn, and subsequently contradicted by the person who swore to it.

The space occupied by you was given gratuitously, and then while the matter was fresh in your mind, you expressed to us, through a friend, your appreciation of the *very fair manner* in which we had treated you. All this you have conveniently forgotten, and now in your desperation you call me a "Judas", you, whose whole political life has been one long series of the betrayal of friends.

The files of the COLUMBIAN of July 25, August 1 and 8, 1884, will substantiate all that has been said as to the amount of space used by you in your interests. Not a single affidavit was printed that you did not have an opportunity of answering. This opportunity was not given you because you requested it, but because it was and is the rule of this office that no attack upon any candidate will be printed just before the delegate election without giving him a chance to defend himself. Our course all through was honest, fair and consistent, and no better proof of this can be offered than the fact that we were censured by your opponents because we gave you all the space you wanted. But as you were always unfriendly to the COLUMBIAN when it was in the hands of those whom you could not control politically, according to the dictates of your own sweet will. I never expected anything else from you but ingratitude for the privileges that were accorded you in 1884. It has always been, and still is your habit to abuse those whom you cannot use. You also find it just as easy to make maliciously false accusations against others as it is for you to deny truthful charges against yourself. The ease with which the allegations can be proved or disproved never seems to occur to you.

Your little romance about an alleged violation of agreement with J. C. Brown, is purely the work of your imagination. It is worse. *It is a falsehood.* What will you say when I tell you that *Mr. Brown also pronounces your assertion untrue*, and states that no such thing ever occurred between us? In this you are therefore branded as a deliberate falsifier, and no further answer to your tirade would have been necessary, because *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.*

There are a few other matters of which you speak, to which I have paid no attention. Some of them have been repeatedly disproven, and the others are false, and of little moment even if true.

I shall not attempt to catechise you on your official and political record. It would make very interesting reading, but it would be too long, and as there are many people who are thoroughly familiar with your public life, some portions of it might be stale.

If you will pardon me again, however, I will venture a suggestion which may be of benefit to you, if heeded. Journalism is an honest and honorable profession, and if you would devote the same energy to the publishing of a clean newspaper that you give to crooked political scheming, and would use the same endeavors to please your readers that you now put forth to abuse and villify those who have thwarted your political aspirations, you might possibly make a success as a publisher. But you are too old to learn new tricks, and the *Sentinel* cannot reasonably be expected to be anything but your own personal organ, to be used solely for the accomplishment of your own selfish personal ends, so long as you control it.

This is not journalism, and though it may succeed for a time, in the end it is just as sure to fail most ignominiously, as the sun is sure to set at night. There are some people who will urge you on with their plaudits, but the encomiums of such are not desirable. What the intelligent democrats of Columbia county want is a clean, honest, consistent newspaper in which they can confidently put their trust, and this is why the COLUMBIAN has been for many years and is now the recognized organ of the party, in spite of your efforts by a large gratuitous circulation to displace it, and in this perhaps it is not necessary to use a microscope in order to discover another motive for your repeated exhibitions of jealousy and hatred. We have no anger towards you, nothing but pity and sympathy for the unfortunate characteristics with which nature has endowed you; and we shall have no more space to devote to a controversy with you.

Yours truly,
GEO. E. ELWELL.

HE THINKS A "SCHOOL BOY" WROTE IT.

GLEN CITY, PA. July 18, 1887.

GEO. E. ELWELL ESQ., DEAR SIR:

Jesse Rittenhouse brought me a copy of your paper, the COLUMBIAN, as I have not been taking your paper this summer. I did not read the famous slander until Jesse showed it to me. The article is headed thus, "Did Rittenhouse Bolt?", and after the shameful letter you state or give mention, as I recollect reading in the COLUMBIAN last winter, that hereafter no campaign communication would be published unless the author's name would be permitted to be signed. The communication was sent to injure a sincere and just and honest man just for a trifling matter. The boy was refused to teach a school which Rittenhouse, a school director, in his judgment did know the boy of 17 years was incompetent to control, and the boy said he would defeat him if not (the next few words are illegible).

Now see here, editor, how much do you regard your promises. You said you would not publish any communication unless the full name was given in print, and in your editorial say as the communication was from a gentleman whose democracy and reliability are unquestioned, you print it without giving heed to your rules and promise. The correspondent is a boy of 17 years old, has no vote, and you do not know his politics, you do not know what he will be when he gets to vote. You have the senatorial bee in your bonnet, see how you get there when you are a candidate. But as you are the son of an honest judge of our courts, and as (next two words illegible) it will not matter. An unjust act will tell in the time to come. Refute it and save an injured man.

G. P. DRIESBACH.

[Mr. Driesbach is in error in supposing that the charge of bolting was made by a school boy. It came from a man who is three times 17 years old at least. Mr. Rittenhouse has not denied it.]

Large Losses by Fire and Flood.

WILKESBARRE, July 19.—A terrific wind and rain storm passed over Wyoming county last evening, during which the Catholic church at Tunkhannock was struck by lightning. The steeple toppled over and the rear end of the church was badly wrecked. The lightning also struck Gearhart's foundry, damaging it considerably. Theodore Cooper's barn was leveled to the ground. The structure caught fire. All the contents were destroyed. Two horses and four head of cattle perished. At Bear Creek, this county, John Durker's barn was struck, Five head of cattle and four horses and twenty tons of hay, with several wagons and carriages were lost. Mr. Durker was insured for $4,000, but his policy ran out on Saturday last.

Ernest Kammy on Wednesday, July 13th, shot and killed his wife and then attempted suicide in East park, Philadelphia. He was taken to the German Hospital.

CASEY'S REPLY.

BLOOMSBURG, July 18, 1887.

William Krickbaum devoted about all the space he had in his *Sentinel* last week to the abuse of myself and the present Commissioners. He produced no proof of any of his numerous and false statements. But he had in his columns all the spread-eagle vocabulary of the blatherskite he has lately employed to write out all the abuse which he (Krickbaum) can conceive. This blatherskite reduces to writing all the venomous and abusive falsehoods that Krickbaum can imagine during the wakeful nights he is now spending, as the hand writing is appearing on the wall that his candidates Girton and Bolter Rittenhouse are nearing their doomed defeat. Of course Krickbaum voted for Kinter and the reason he is pressing the nomination of Rittenhouse so hard is because Rittenhouse is one of his very few faithful followers that followed him even out of the Democratic party. Rittenhouse would be a faithful follower of Krickbaum in the Commissioner's office. But the Democratic party will not put him there. Girton is in the same boat. Now Krickbaum stand up. You defy me to produce any proof that you ever altered records. A letter from Gideon Michael requesting you to have the valuation of his real estate changed is in my possession. Upon finding this letter I went to the annual assessment book for Briarcreek township for 1883 and found that the valuation of $1650 on real estate of Gideon Michael was scratched and the figures $1300 inserted by you. This you did without authority from the Commissioners, in fact without their knowing anything about it. Is this to the point? How often would you do the same kind of work if you were again re-instated as Clerk? But there is no use in wasting time on such matters. Your candidates for Commissioners will be beaten and you will again be left.

JOHN B. CASEY.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1887.

The salutary effects of the lessons taught by the recent exposure of the rascalities of Bacon in the Patent Office, and Harvey in the Treasury, are perceptible in many ways. The heads of Bureaus are more diligent and vigilent as well as exacting regarding the methods of conducting the public business, and the clerks appreciate the state of affairs by increased activity and thoroughness in performing their allotted tasks. In all the Departments there is an ill-concealed feeling of apprehension, not to say suspense, as to what a day may bring forth, and your correspondent feels safe in predicting that the end is not yet, that others in high places are cowering in abject fear of an impartial investigation of their doings, realizing that the result would be ruinous to them. I have good reason to believe that a general but quiet examination of the accounts of all disbursing officers is being made by direction of no less an authority than the President himself.

Postmaster General Vilas was partly engaged this week in the much needed work of revising the postal regulations, which have not been amended since 1877. The Postmaster General also found time to reply, in the negative to the letter of the postal clerk, asking permission to hold a convention to discuss the needs of the service, and advising them that the proper way to secure these aims and ends would be to make such suggestions to the Department as might occur to them in the practical performance of their duties.

Up to the present this month, Government receipts amount to about $11,000,000, and the expenditures, inclusive of $12,000,000 in pensions, to $18,561,102, making an enormous excess of disbursements over receipts. It is estimated that the receipts for the balance of the month will be $1,000,000 a day, and that the expenditures will be fully as large. The total amount of bonds redeemed under the call which matured July 1st, is $18,090,250, leaving still outstanding of the call $1,626,656, the whole amount of called bonds outstanding is $5,300,450. At present the Treasury finds itself unable to supply the heavy demand for notes of small denominations, but orders have been issued to do so as soon as practicable.

To prove that President Cleveland, who has probably received more abuse and adverse criticism from the soldiers than any of his predecessors, is really their best friend, having done better by them than any other President, it is only necessary to refer to the records of the Pension office. During the first two years of his term, President Cleveland has approved 863 private pension bills. Gen. Grant, in eight years, only approved 485, Hayes in four years, 303, and Garfield and Arthur but 736 in the same time. In addition to this, President Cleveland has approved three general pension bills, March 19th, 1886, increasing to twelve dollars the pensions of 79,787 widows, minors and dependent relatives of Union soldiers, August 4th, 1886, increasing the pensions of 10,030 infirm and maimed Union soldiers of the civil war from $24 to $30, from $30 to $36, and from $30 to $37.50 to $45 per month. The act of Jan. 27th, 1887, has already placed upon the pension rolls 8,455 survivors of the Mexican war and their widows, and during the present fiscal year that number will be increased at least 25,000. The Pension office records demonstrate beyond the shade of doubt, the assertion of correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding, that 131,180 more certificates of pensions were issued during the first two years of a Democratic administration than during the last two years of Republican control. And during the same time the sum distributed to pensioners by the Democrats exceeds by $16,617,026,99 the amount distributed by the Republicans for the same purpose and time. It is also susceptible of proof that in the matter of new names added to the pension list, the Cleveland Administration is 15,408 names ahead of the last two years of the Republican regime. Such strong arguments as these are sufficient to put to shame the Republican charge that President Cleveland and the Democracy are unfriendly to the soldiers of the Union.

The disbursing officers of the Treasury were somewhat surprised the other morning when a duly authorized committee of expert accountants called unceremoniously to count their cash and see if the books would balance. Similar action will be taken with all disbursing officers. Their accounts have never been overhauled, and it will be a great wonder if much crookedness in high places is not uncovered.

The Tennessee Press Association, representing twenty-nine papers, met above the clouds on July 15th, on the top of Roane mountain. The meeting continued several days.

The president is still traveling.

W. G. GIRTON'S CARD.

As I hear that a report is being circulated through the county that I am running for commissioner in the interest of a certain faction, I hereby give notice that I have made no pledges or promises to any one, and that if elected I will perform my duties faithfully, and will be controlled by no man or faction.

WM. G. GIRTON.

Tuttle Dissected.

It is a very safe rule for a man with a record, and especially an unsavory record, to be slow to speak, in fact to keep his mouth shut altogether. Had the dashing General Tuttle who gained for himself a notoriety by "breathing out fire and slaughter" against President Cleveland followed this rule, he might possibly have found himself to-day in a less unenviable position than that which he now occupies before the public.

The St. Louis *Republican* has been looking up the record in peace and war of this puissant general and tells a most interesting story in regard to it.

In 1864, the story runs, Tuttle was made a brigadier general and was placed in command at Vicksburg, at which point Judge R. S. Hart was custom officer, and to make a long story short, while these two worthies were stationed at that point, they tried to steal a cargo of cotton worth $100,000, but were discovered in their little scheme, and as a result of the exposure Tuttle was compelled to resign. This was the end of Tuttle's career as a soldier and he was never heard of again until he bobbed up serenely in the role of an offended patriot whose righteous indignation caused him to cry out against wrong doings of President Cleveland.

By the time the St. Louis *Republican* is through with Tuttle, he will doubtless have his mind disabused of the idea that he is the biggest man in this country and the one altogether patriotic.—*Patriot.*

A Broken Rod

KILLS THE ENGINEER OF THE PRESIDENT'S TRAIN.

FORESTPORT, N. Y., July 17.—An accident happened to the President's train on the return from Clayton Saturday evening, one mile North of Glendale, killing the engineer. There was considerable excitement at the time. The engineer had his hand on the whistle to blow for Stiles' crossing when the connecting bar to the forward driver on the right hand side of the engine broke, and the huge piece of steel revolved with terrible velocity, tearing out one side of the cab and ripping up the ties and ground as the engine rushed along. A huge fracture was made in the boiler, and the steam escaped in volumes. The President, when informed of the affair, said he thought there was something serious the matter when he saw the clouds of steam. Reilly the engineer, who had saved his fireman by forcing him on top of the cab, was found lying along side his engine, dead. After instructions were given to care for the dead engineer, the President's car was attached to an express train, which had come up by this time, and was taken to Alder Creek, where the President and Mrs. Cleveland and others of the party left the car. It was then after midnight.

Politics in Lackawanna.

DEMOCRATS NAME A TICKET AND VENT THEIR FEELINGS ON THE REVENUE QUESTION.

SCRANTON, July 19.—The Democratic County Convention of Lackawanna met here to-day and nominated Ex-District Attorney John F. Connolly for Additional Law Judge by acclamation. But two votes were cast against him. Edward Merrifield sent in a letter requesting that his name should not be used. W. J. Burke, of Winton, one of the present incumbents, and A. F. O'Boyle, a teacher in one of the public schools of Scranton, were nominated for Commissioners on the first ballot. Henry T. Koehler, of Scranton and H. K. Barger, of Carbondale, being named, were nominated for County Auditors.

The resolutions indorse the administration of President Cleveland and his efforts "to heal the wounds arising from the late war which are kept open by Republican politicians for selfish and partisan purposes;" declares in favor of Democrats holding all offices under a Democratic administration and denounces the Republican State Government as being "responsible for the monstrous outrage by which the general revenue bill failed and three million dollars was lost by the Commonwealth and the counties and saved to the monopolies." The resolutions further assert a belief that "this measure was lost not by neglect or ommission, but by fraud and bribery." Ex-Judge Stanton, of this city, is bitterly opposed to Mr. Connolly's nomination for Judge, and it is rumored here to night that he will be an independent candidate against him.

Worth More.

An old-fashioned chap who keeps a drug store in Cleveland, had about two dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla on hand in April, and one morning a drummer, who had been posted by the boys, entered the store and said:

"See here. I am a man who goes straight to business. I'll give you a dollar and a half a bottle for that Sarsaparilla."

"Dollar and a half!"

"Well, say two dollars."

The old man turned white as death, lost his voice for a minute and then hoarsely whispered:

"You can't have it. War's broke out somewhere, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth two and a half."

The Adams county delegates to the next Democratic State Convention have decided to present the name of Hon. William McClean, of Gettysburg, as a candidate for the Supreme Judgeship. A call has been issued for a convention of the Prohibitionists of Adams county on August 8 to nominate a ticket and select delegates to the State Convention.

News Items.

A new mammoth cave is said to have been discovered near Eminence, Ky.

Many deaths from heat occurred in the cities last Saturday and Sunday.

Fearful destruction was wrought on Tuesday at different places by tornadoes, earthquakes and volcanoes.

Pennsylvania has 1,726 postoffices that pay less than $20 per quarter.

Robert Beacham, (colored), aged nine, was stabbed and instantly killed at Louisville on Sunday by Willie Augustus, a white boy of twelve years.

Large forest fires have been raging in western New York during the past week.

A lad of sixteen years in New York committed suicide by hanging himself last Monday.

Mrs. Logan, who has been so sick lately, is improving, and her physician thinks she will soon recover

George Wilson was sentenced at Albion, N. Y., on July 15th, to be hanged for the murder of his wife.

A cyclone passed over Quebec last week, causing great ruin. Houses were unroofed, chimneys blown down, and trees fifty feet high uprooted.

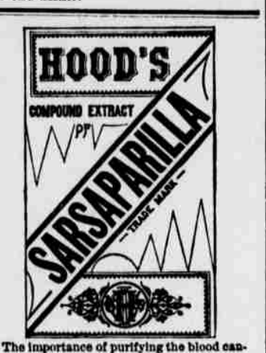
On July 17, slight shocks of earthquake were felt in Sicily and along the Italian coasts. Mount Aetna is in a state of eruption.

Arey Cherry, a colored girl, was sentenced at Barnwell, S. C., last Saturday, to be hanged in September for the poisoning of a baby, which she had in her charge. The poisoning was done by filling the child's mouth with concentrated lye.

Monday was the time appointed by the Huntingdon hotel keepers to close their places of business and they had made all their arrangements to do so by discharging the clerks and servants, but a number of leading business men prevailed upon them to keep open. This was hailed with delight, as the closing of the hotels would have proven a severe blow to transient men and the public generally.

Jacob Sharp, the convicted briber, was sentenced on Thursday, July 14th, to four years imprisonment at Sing Sing, and to pay a fine of $5000. He seemed much crushed by the weight of his sentence, but since his sickness has disappeared somewhat, and it is thought that a great deal of it was put on. He was taken back to prison, and will remain there until his removal to Sing Sing, which will take place in a few days.

News of a most inhuman murder comes from Riverside, Ark. It seems that a man living near that place had a stepson 5 years old, whom he greatly disliked. He was known to treat him most cruelly, beating him in a terrible manner, once putting one of the little fellow's eyes out while whipping him. A few days ago he beat the child in a horrible manner and then tied him by the wrists to a stake in the hot sun, without food or water, until he died. Just how long the child was there is not known. But the cords at the wrists had cut into the flesh and the wounds were filled with worms. The fiend, finding his victim was dead, armed himself and took to the woods. The child's mother seems indifferent over the affair.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence.

Peculiar **To Itself**

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CANDIDATES' CARDS.

The names announced under this heading are subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention, to be held in Bloomsburg, on Tuesday July 26, 1887. The Delegate Election will be held on Saturday, July 23, between the hours of 3 and 7 p. m.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
CYRUS B. McHENRY,
Of Fishingcreek Township.

FOR PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURTS,
WM. H. SNYDER,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
C. H. CAMPBELL,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
N. P. MOORE,
of Hemlock Township.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
MICHAEL F. EYERLY,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
G. W. STERNER,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
A. B. CROOP,
Of Briarcreek.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
G. A. HERRING,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
H. C. KELCHNER,
Of Scott Township.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
STEPHEN POHE,
Of Centre Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
WASHINGTON PARR,
Of Franklin.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
L. M. CREVELING,
Of Fishingcreek.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
WM. G. GIRTON,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
ELIAS HOWELL,
Of Mt. Pleasant Township.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
JESSE RITTENHOUSE,
Of Beaver Twp.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Wall St., N. Y.

ALBUMS, PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPH AND Scrap, a large and complete line at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Evans' Block.

ALL THE FINEST EXTRACTS—COLOGNE Sachets, Pomades, Hair Dyes and Bay Rum at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Evans' Block, opposite Episcopal Church.

ALL PROPRIETARY AND PATENT MEDICINES at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, opposite Episcopal Church.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND WALL PAPER, A fine stock at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.

CASTILLE, TOILET AND MEDICATED SOAPS, a full line at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Upper Main street.

COMBS OF ALL KINDS, WELL SELECTED, AND at very low prices at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, third door above Iron street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

CONDENSED MILK, COXE'S, NELSON'S AND Cooper's Gelatine, Tapioca, Sago, Arrow Root and all the prepared foods for children and invalids at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, first door above Hess' Boot and Shoe Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

CANARY, HEMP, RAPE, MILLET, MAW AND Mixed Seed for the birds, at J. H. Mercer, a Drug and Book Store, first door below Creasy's Grocery Store.

FINE WRITING PAPERS, BY BOX, LOOSE OR in Tablet form, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

NURSING BOTTLES, NIPPLES, RUBBER BATtles, Teething Rings and all requisites of the Nursery that will contribute to the baby's happiness, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, two doors above Evans & Eyer's Clothing Store.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS AND FAMILY receipts carefully prepared at all hours at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

TOILET AND INFANT POWDERS, ROUGE, Cosmetic and gold and silver Diamond Dust, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, No 68 Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

WALL PAPER—MANY KINDS AND MANY prices—at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa. junes,1y,87.

Schuyler's Hardware.

PAPER PLATES AND NAPKINS

Just the thing for picnics and private parties, neat clean and cheap; avoids the annoyance of broken and lost dishes and napkins; no weight to carry. These paper plates are largely used for pie baking, and overcome the objection some people have to pies because the under crust is soggy; the greatest degree of heat will not scorch them and by greasing them a pie may be baked on them better than on tin or earthen ware; the under crust will be found perfectly hard and crisp similar to the top. Napkins are soft and pliable as linen and will not fade *unless washed.*

Builders' Hardware.

We carry the most complete line of Builders' materials in the Country. Iron, Steel and Wire Nails, Locks in endless variety, Door Butts, plain or ornamental, Catches and Latches, White Lead Mixed Paints and Colors, Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Varnish, Oil Finish, French and American Window Glass, Putty, Building Paper, all of which we can sell at prices that will make it to your interest to deal with us.

PARAGON COACH VARNISH

We have taken the agency for J. A. Sheppard's Paragon Coach Varnish, patented in 1884 and wish to call the attention of consumers to its merits. It is made solely from hard gum, has a very heavy body and dries hard in 24 hours in Summer or Winter, one gallon covers 450 sq. feet of new work first coat and 600 ft. second coat, it is warranted not to crack, spot, blister or turn white, and to outwear any English or American varnish, is especially suitable for carriages or outdoor work where exposed to the weather, it is warranted to rub down in oil or water, and pumice stone in from 36 to 48 hours without sweating out and can be brought to a dead finish. For the interior finish of fine residences, public buildings, bath-rooms, it has no equal; hot or cold water, soap or grease will not affect its lustre or spot or stain its surface; wiping with a sponge or damp towel will keep it looking fresh and new. If you are especially desirous of a handsome and permanent finish, specify Sheppards Paragon Coach Varnish to your painter and take no other; put up in ½ and one gallon cans at $3.00 per gallon.

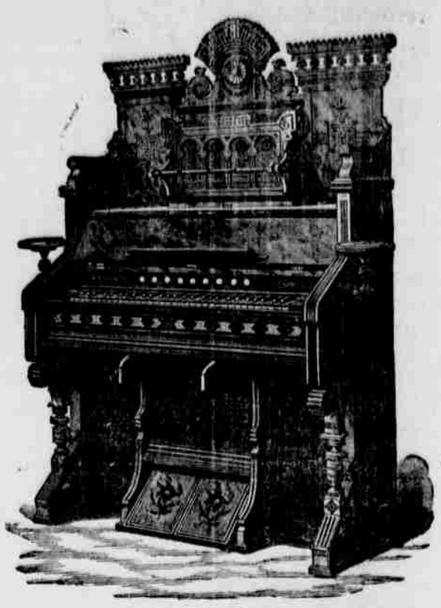
Very Resp.

J. R. SCHUYLER & Co.,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

GREAT
INDUCEMENTS!

We are offering great inducements to persons desiring to purchase Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

A Magnificent Upright or Square Piano for $250.00 and Upwards.



A Good Double Reed Organ, Warranted, for $65.00 and Upwards.

Among the Pianos we handle are the *IVERS & POND, C. C. BRIGGS, BAUS & CO., SCHOMACKER Gold String and Opera Pianos.* These Pianos are all first-class and fully warranted for five years.

Our leading Organs are the celebrated *ESTEY, MILLER, UNITED STATES* and other makes.

Our leading Sewing Machines are the celebrated *WHITE, NEW DAVIS, NEW DOMESTIC, NEW HOME, HOUSEHOLD, ROYAL ST. JOHN and STANDARD ROTARY Sewing Machine*, the finest and best Rotary Sewing Machine in the world.

Before purchasing write for Catalogues to J. SALTZER'S PALACE OF MUSIC AND GREAT SEWING MACHINE DEPOT, Main St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, July 16, 1887,

at 2 o'clock p. m., all that certain messuage or tract of land, situate in Centre township, Columbia county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: On the north by Nob Mountain land, on the east by land of Wm. Beck estate, on the south by land of Charles Whitmire and on the west by land of Wm. Beck estate, containing about sixty acres of land, more or less, on which are erected a dwelling house, barn and out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Sallie A. Robbins.

MILLER, Atty. SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, August 6, 1887,

at 10 o'clock a. m., all that certain messuage, piece or parcel of land, situate in Franklin township, Columbia county, Pa., No. 1 bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point in a public road leading from Catawissa to Roaringcreek, in Franklin township, near the house of John Glassmeier, thence north twenty-eight and a half degrees east thirty-two and six-tenths rods to a yellow pine, down; thence north one degree east one hundred and sixty-four and three-tenths rods to a post; thence south eighty-three degrees west one hundred and seventy-nine rods to a hickory; thence south eight degrees west, one hundred and twenty and three-tenths rods to a point in the public road; thence south eighty-six degrees east, one hundred and thirty-five and nine-tenths rods to a point in the road to Roaringcreek road; thence south twenty degrees east, eighteen and nine-tenths rods; thence seventy-seven and a half degrees east, sixteen rods; thence south thirty-six degrees east, twenty-six and six-tenths rods to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and sixty-one acres and nineteen perches, on which are erected a frame dwelling house, bank barn and outbuildings.

ALSO,

A right of way from said house along the right bank of Roaringcreek through division No. 2 to a public road sold to Jacob Schuyler by John W. Hoffman, High Sheriff of Columbia county, deed dated March 1, 1879, and conveyed by said Schuyler to J. B. Robison.

Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of Thos. Trench vs. James Boyd Robison, and to be sold as the property of James Boyd Robison.

SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

ZARR, Atty.

SATISFACTION OF A MORTGAGE.

COMMON PLEAS NO. SEPT. TERM, 1887.

In the matter of the petition of Wm. Chrisman, for satisfaction of a mortgage given by John McMurtrie to Philip Poke.

COLUMBIA COUNTY, ss:—

To Philip Poke and his heirs, or legal representatives, and all persons claiming to be the owner or owners of said mortgage:

Whereas, it appears by the records, in the office of the Recorder of Deeds, &c., at Bloomsburg, that a certain mortgage, dated the 10th day of March, 1886, given by John McMurtrie to Philip Poke, to secure the payment of certain money, viz: $120, with interest, &c., recorded in Mortgage Book No. 1, page 437 and 438, remains unsatisfied.

And whereas, it is alleged that all the money due on said mortgage was paid, and a legal presumption now exists of the payment of said mortgage from lapse of time. And whereas, Wm. Chrisman, present owner of the mortgaged premises, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, where said premises are situated, praying said Court to decree and direct that satisfaction be entered upon the record of said mortgage on payment of the costs due on the same, and the satisfaction so entered shall forever discharge and release the lien of said mortgage from the said premises. Therefore all persons interested as owners or holders of said mortgage, are required, by an order of said Court, to appear at the next term of said Court, to be held at Bloomsburg, on the 4th Monday of September, A. D. 1887, to answer the petition as aforesaid, and to show cause, if any there be, why said mortgage shall not be satisfied as prayed for in said petition.

JAMES SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Robert Finney, late of Liberty Twp.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration, de bonis non, with the will annexed, on the estate of Robert Finney, late of Liberty Twp., deceased, have been granted by the Register of Columbia county to John G. Freeze, to whom all claims against said estate, properly authenticated, must be presented, and all debts due the same be paid.

July 1-6t. JOHN G. FREEZE, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Frederick Derr, of Madison Twp.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Derr, late of Madison township, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Columbia county to J. S. McBride, to whom all debts due to the said deceased, must be paid; and all claims against the estate, properly authenticated for settlement, must be made.

Or to J. S. McBRIDE, White Hall, Pa.
JOHN G. FREEZE, Bloomsburg, Pa. jy8

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

In the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Columbia:

No. Sept. T., 1887.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court, or a law judge thereof, on Monday, the first day of August, 1887, at 9 o'clock a. m., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by Rev. Joshua H. Derr, Reuben Shuman, Emanuel Helwig, Benjamin Barndt, Charles Clewell, Peter Shock, A. F. Reisse, Caleb Rupert and John F. Hedden, all residents of Catawissa, for the charter of the intended corporation to be called "the Saint Johns Reformed Church, of Catawissa," the chief character of which is "the worship of Almighty God, according to the Constitution, canons, discipline, doctrine, faith, government and forms of the Reformed Church in the United States of America," and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act and its supplements.

July 15, 1887-3t. N. U. FUNK, Solicitor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Anton Schwartz, deceased, late of Hemlock Township, Columbia County, Pa. Letters testamentary on the said estate having been granted to the undersigned administrator, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to pay the same, and those having claims against said estate present the same to

LEWIS SCHWARTZ, Administrator,
P. O., Buckhorn, Columbia Co., Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the estate of Noah Arndt, late of Montour Township, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the said estate having been granted to the undersigned administrator, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to pay the same, and those having claims against said estate present the same to

JACOB E. KRUM, Administrator,
Catawissa, Pa.

LITTLES, Atty's.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOSHUA B. WILLET, DECEASED.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court, to make distribution of the balance in hands of Sarah A. Willet, Executrix of the last will and testament of Joshua B. Willet, late of the town of Bloomsburg, deceased, among the parties entitled thereto, will meet all parties interested for the purpose of his appointment, on Saturday, July 16, 1887, at 10 o'clock a. m., at his office, in town of Bloomsburg, when and where they may attend, if they see proper.

C. W. MILLER, Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF DAVID LOWENBERG, DEC'D.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of David Lowenberg, late of Bloomsburg, in Columbia county, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Wills of said county, to Sarah Lowenberg and Louis Lowenberg, to whom all payments on account must be made, and all claims for settlement.

SARAH LOWENBERG,
LOUIS LOWENBERG.

JOHN G. FREEZE, Atty. (July1-6t

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

SWARTHMORE, PA.,

Opens 9th month, 13th. Thirty minutes from Broad St. station, Philadelphia. Under the care of Friends, but all others admitted. Full college course for both sexes; classical, scientific and literary. Also a Manual Training and a Preparatory school. Health

The Columbian

BLOOMSBURG, PA

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1887.

CORRECT RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Trains on the Philadelphia & R R. leave Rupert As follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7:14 a. m.	11:27 a. m.
3:10 p. m.	6:30 p. m.

—o—

Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. leave Bloomsburg follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7:12 a. m.	8:32 a. m.
11:07 a. m.	12:03 a. m.
2:24 p. m.	4:18 p. m.
6:36 p. m.	8:47 p. m.

—o—

Trains on the N. & W. B. Railway pass Bloomsburg as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:46 a. m.	11:54 a. m.
3:46 p. m.	4:19 p. m.
6.26 p. m.	8:30 p. m.
SUNDAY.	
NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:16 a m	6:39 p m

SALES.

FOR SALE.—Agent's sample wagon, with top and brake, pole and shafts, splendid order—or will exchange on a good buggy.
J. R. SCHUYLER & Co.

JULY 29. The administrators of David Lowenberg, deceased, will sell personal property consisting of a pair of ponies, wagons, harness, stocks &c, on the premises in Bloomsburg, at 1 o'clock. See posters.

A Fine Residence For Sale.

The executors of Mary N. Harman, deceased, offer at private sale a handsome residence on Market street above Main, Bloomsburg. The house is of brick, large pleasant rooms, steam heat, gas, water, sewerage, and all modern improvements. There is a large frame barn, ice house and outbuildings. One of the most desirable locations in the town. Terms easy.

They also offer for sale thirty-seven acres of land on Normal hill, adjoining P. Dillon's and the Hoyt estate. Can be divided into desirable building lots. For terms and particulars apply to I. W. McKelvy, one of the executors, or Geo. E. Elwell, attorney, Bloomsburg, Pa. tf

FOR RENT.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The Music Hall, formerly Eureka Rink, is offered for sale or rent on reasonable terms by the new manager. Parties wishing to hold festivals will do well to see the manager,
J. D. SHAFFER, Manager.

WANTED.—A first-class laundress at the Sanitarium, Bloomsburg.

Shipping tags, with or without strings at the COLUMBIAN office. tf.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic voters of the several districts of Columbia county will meet at the usual places of holding elections, on Saturday July 23, between the hours of 3 and 7 o'clock p. m, and elect delegates by ballot to represent the districts in the County Convention, to be held in the Opera House, Bloomsburg, on Tuesday, July 26, at 11 o'clock a. m., to place in nomination one person for Associate Judge, one person for Prothonotary, &c., one person for Register and Recorder, one person for County Treasurer, two persons for County Commissioners, and two persons for County Auditors, and to transact such other business as the interests of the Democratic party may require. Also at the same time and places, and in the same manner, the Democratic electors in each district will elect one person to serve as a member of the Standing Committee, which will meet immediately after the adjournment of the Convention.

By order of Standing Committee,
R R. LITTLE,
CHAIRMAN.

Collectors' receipt books and notices for sale at this office. tf.

Apportionment of Delegates.

The following apportionment of Delegates has been made by the Standing Committee, in accordance with the Revised Rules, viz:—Rule 2nd. The representation of Districts in County Convention shall be in proportion to the Democratic vote of each, as cast at the most recent election for Governor, but the whole number of delegates shall not exceed eighty-five, and no district shall be allowed less than two, nor more than four delegates.

Rule 3rd. Delegates shall be allowed to districts upon a ratio of sixty votes for a delegate, allowance being made for the largest fraction of a vote.

Districts.	Vote for Gov'r.	Delegates.
Beaver,	168	3
Benton,	218	4
Berwick, E.,	44	2
Berwick, W.,	99	2
Bloom, E.,	242	4
Bloom, W.,	170	3
Briarcreek,	129	2
Catawissa,	272	4
Centralia,	207	4
Centre,	146	2
Conyngham, N.,	140	2
Conyngham, S.,	66	2
Fishingcreek,	257	4
Franklin,	67	2
Greenwood,	180	3
Hemlock,	117	2
Jackson,	123	2
Locust,	222	4
Madison,	144	2
Main,	119	2
Mifflin,	107	3
Montour,	73	2
Mt. Pleasant,	80	2
Orange,	115	2
Pine,	93	2
Roaringcreek,	73	2
Scott, W.,	71	2
Scott, E.,	93	2
Sugarloaf,	166	3
Total,	4184	75

During July and August the COLUMBIAN office will close every day at six o'clock. [tf

Personal.

Warren Eyer returned from the South last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hartman went to Ocean Grove on Monday.

Mrs. Charles Unangst, of New York City, is visiting friends in this place.

Col. S. Knorr is much improved in health. He was in his office on Tuesday.

Judge Shuman and wife, of Catawissa, spent the past week at Atlantic City.

Mrs. J. K. Lockard is seriously ill. She has been confined to her bed for several weeks.

Mr. E. W. Elwell, of Towanda, has been visiting friends here the past week with his family.

Mr. H. W. Kline and wife, of Williamsport, spent Sunday with his brother-in-law, D. F. Weiss.

Mrs. Freas Brown went to Ocean Grove on Thursday, where she will spend the next six weeks.

Miss Wells, who has been visiting at H. W. Sloan's, for several months past, went home on Tuesday.

Dr. W. C. Ranson, who left here some time ago to engage in his profession at Pittsburg, is visiting in town.

Mrs. Judge Rupert, Mrs. E. Mendenhall and Mrs. I. K. Miller returned from their western visit last Friday.

Isaiah Rupert, telegraph operator at Montoursville, near Williamsport, spent a few days in town last week.

C. B. Robbins had a slight attack of sickness the first of the week, but is again about attending to business.

John G. Conner, of Berwick, who recently graduated at Lafayette college, has been elected principal of the West Nottingham, Md., Academy.

Tomatoes are ripening.

Golden Rod is in bloom.

Watermelons are now in the market.

The trout fishing season closed last Friday, the 15th.

Communion services were held in the Lutheran church Sunday last.

John Maloy, of Centralia, died on Sunday night from the effects of the heat.

John Williams offers his services as an auctioneer. His address is Bloomsburg.

Excursion trains will run from Benton to Rupert Grove Campmeeting, July 31 to August 7.

The forests of Erie county are on fire. Property and crops are threatened with destruction.

The Postoffice Department will soon issue a square stamped envelope, especially for ladies' use.

I. W. Hartman & Son are improving their store property by building an addition to the north corner.

The Sanitarium is rapidly filling up with Summer guests. The season is backward every where with Summer resorts.

Another lawn tennis club has been organized in town. A court will be laid out on Mr. C. W. Miller's lot on Fifth street.

The boy who expects to set the world on fire will never do it by smoking cigarettes. He will simply burn out his own energies.

There will be a Parish-gathering of St. Paul's congregation at Oak Grove Park, on Thursday, July 28. All are cordially invited.

Rev. A. V. Bower, of Berwick, will act as pastor of Grace M. E. Church, Harrisburg, during the absence of Rev. Dr. Young.

Thomas Gorrey is erecting a dwelling house for the Water company, near the pump house. It will be for the use of the superintendent.

A Bethlehem fruit grower claims to have successfully grafted a peach shoot on a sassafras tree, and a new fruit of high flavor is expected.

A campmeeting will be held at Rupert Grove by the A. M. E. Church of Bloomsburg, beginning Saturday, July 30, and continuing until August 8. (4t.

Mrs. Hannah Zarr, wife of Daniel Zarr, of Franklin township, died on Thursday of last week. Her age was seventy-eight years, and she was an estimable christian woman.

A terrible fire occurred at Millerstown, Juniata county, last Monday, by which a hotel was destroyed and several adjoining buildings damaged. The loss is estimated at $5,100.

Prothonotary Snyder has received a letter from the Secretary of the Commonwealth stating that the Pamphlet laws are promised by the printer and binder the first of August.

The commencement exercises at State College, Bellefonte, were of an interesting character. H. V. White, Esq., is one of the trustees, and can give any desired information concerning the college.

John Herran, a Wilkes-Barre man, attempted to commit suicide by throwing himself into the Susquehanna last Sunday. He was prevented from so doing by an officer. It is thought that he is demented.

The B. & S. railroad entered the farm of W. Hulme, deceased, Monday morning. The sills and tracks are being rapidly laid, so that it will be but a few days until the whistle of the steam engine will be heard in Benton.

Picnic parties from towns up the river are beginning to come down here and enjoy a pleasant day in Oak Grove. A party from Pittston was there Thursday of last week, one was there Monday, and others are expected shortly.

Several families from town are leaving this week for Mountain Grove, to spend a few days camping out before the opening of the campmeeting, which takes place August 3rd. Among them are K. C. Ent's and L. T. Sharpless' families.

The appropriation for placing head stones at unmarked soldier's graves has been exhausted, and the quarter master general gives notice that no requests received since March 25th will be filled until Congress makes another appropriation.

The attempt of some farmers in Tioga county to raise tobacco is not meeting with success. The cut worms have destroyed several crops, and some men have become so discouraged that they have given up the crop entirely, planting their patches with potatoes.

Joseph Albright, who at one time resided at Danville, has been confined in the prison at Fort Reno, Indian Territory. He was convicted of murder in the first degree, having killed his wife, a Creek Indian woman, and was sentenced to be hung on July 15—last Friday.

The Cumberland Valley was swept by a disastrous tornado last Saturday and great damage was done to property in Carlisle and points near there. At the Carlisle Indian Schools the damage done amounted to about $4000. Buildings were unroofed, trees leveled and general destruction done.

The Bradford *Review* defines a picnic as "a place where people go from home and spend several hours trying hard to deceive themselves into the idea that they are having a good time; where the festive ant gambols in the sandwich, and the spider and the tree worms make a toboggan slide of the picnicker's spine."

Muncy has a musical organization called "The Junior Cornet Band." It is composed of boys under the age of 18 years, the youngest and leading musician, a cornet player, being only ten years of age. The boys made a street parade on the fourth of July, and astonished the citizens by the excellence of their music.

Harry Houck, Will Rishton, Will Drinker and Sam Harman started up the creek Tuesday morning on a camping expedition. They went up on the B. & S. train, taking with them J. F. Caldwell's large tent, and expected to go into camp on this side of Orangeville, where they will probably spend a week in this pleasing pastime.

The Kickapoo Indian Medicine Comp'y for over a week were encamped on the vacant lot by Music Hall, the old Rink. The encampment consisted of an exhibition tent, doctor's tent and several Indian wigwams. The troupe, which included five or six Indians, gave a free exhibition every evening during the time they were here.

The hot weather of last Saturday and Sunday was something terrible. On Saturday, at the hottest part of the day, the thermometer here stood at 100 degrees in the shade, and on Sunday it reached 98. The air was hot and oppressive, and it was very difficult to breathe. No sunstrokes or prostration from heat have been reported however.

To close out certain lines of wedding invitations a number of bargains are offered at this office. Those wanting small lots, from 10 to 25, will save money by ordering at the COLUMBIAN office. tf

A band of traveling Italians discoursed music on our streets for several days last week upon a harp and two violins. They seemed well pleased with the town, as they remained here longer than the general run of traveling musician do. Their music was not of the highest order, however, and they would have been parted with much sooner with no great display of sorrow.

Isaiah Snyder and another prisoner named Jones escaped from jail last Saturday evening. With the aid of a bench they forced the wash room door and broke the bars from the window, and from thence they left themselves down from the wall by bedclothes. The jail is not secure, as there have been a number of escapes since its erection, without any fault on the part of the sheriff.

A number of D. L. & W. officials from New York went over the line of the Wilkes-Barre and Western a few days ago, and it now looks as though it will be a lively contest between the Pennsylvania and the D. L. & W. for the control of the road. If the D. L. & W. gets it, it will be made a link in a new line into the soft coal fields. The Pennsylvania will use it as a feeder for the new Schuylkill Valley line.—Shickshinny *Mountain Echo*.

Persons having unsettled accounts on the books of the late David Lowenberg, are earnestly requested to make prompt settlement of the same, as the administrators desire to close and settle the estate within the year. Attention to this notice and request will greatly aid them, and save trouble, annoyance and costs. The administrators will be in attendance at the old place of business for this purpose, with the books and accounts.

S. LOWENBERG,
L. LOWENBERG,
3t Administrators.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fenstemacher, of Philadelphia, are visiting friends in this place.

Mr. Fenstemacher is just recovering from a serious illness. Last winter he was attacked with rheumatism which rapidly developed serious lung disease. He went to Florida, but grew worse and was advised to return home. After all hope of recovery had been abandoned he resorted to the new gaseous enemata treatment the latter part of March, and after three weeks use began improving and has so continued. His many friends wish him yet a long lease of life.

Wesley McCormick, a former brakeman, was arrested at Tamaqua on Saturday charged with complicity in the robbery of freight cars on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad. With the exception of one man, who is suspected of having received some of the plunder, the detectives are confident that they have all the guilty parties. One of the informers has been placed under bail for his appearance at Court as a witness. The recovered goods, which were shipped to Philadelphia, filled ten dry goods boxes and twelve two-and-a-half bushels bags.

Chautauqua Day will be observed at Mountain Grove on Wednesday, August 3, the opening day of Mountain Grove Campmeeting. The exercises of the day will be conducted by Chautauquans and everything possible be done to interest and instruct all who will avail themselves of this privilege, whether Chautauquans or not. Edward Everett Hale, one of Chautauqua's prominent counselors, will lecture in the forenoon. Subject—"The Education of an American Citizen." Dr. Hale's fame as a lecturer has extended over the United States, and all who enjoy an intellectual treat should not fail to hear him.

The Huntingdon *Local News* of Saturday tells this snake story: A peculiar snake or dragon was killed by Richard Roper, foreman of the Star Ore Mine, near Shade Gap, this county, a few days ago. The reptile, we are creditably informed, was seven feet eight inches long, of a bluish color, and had two legs three inches long and two feet one inch long, shaped like a human foot. It was impossible to capture the strange creature alive, as it showed fight, and Mr. Roper was obliged to kill it. We learn that the snake was photographed, so that doubting ones may have an opportunity of verifying the truth of the snake story.

Mr. J. H. Maize, Esq., left for his farm in Clayton, Kent county, Delaware, last week. Mr. Maize was one of our active citizens for over twenty years. After serving three years in the war of the rebellion he came to Bloomsburg in the Fall of 1865 and soon after opened a grocery store, which he conducted very successfully until 1879. As early as 1866 Mr. Maize seems to have determined to choose the legal profession, as he then registered as student with M. E. Jackson, Esq., of Berwick. His business of merchandising so occupied his time that he partially abandoned the thought of legal profession. We find, however, that in 1875 he registered with Robert F. Clark, Esq., of Bloomsburg; and again, in 1879, with Hon. C. R. Buckalew, of Bloomsburg. About this time he quit merchandising and devoted his time to reading law and was admitted to the Bar of Columbia county in February, 1881. He continued practicing in Bloomsburg until the time of departure and had a wide circle of good substantial clients. Mr. Maize was active and determined and made a success of whatever he undertook. Kent county has gained a good citizen and Columbia has lost one. We wish him success in his new locality.

The abduction of Frances Slocum by the Indians in 1778, an account of which we are now publishing, brings to mind the fact that she had a brother, Isaac Slocum, who at one time owned most of the land upon which Tunkhannock borough now stands, and the mansion house which he erected on his large farm is now owned and occupied by Mr. William Benedict. It is one of the most substantial wood structures in town, its frame work being all hewed from white oak timber, with which the farm abounded at that time, and is to-day as sound as the day the building was erected. It is one of the old landmarks of the place and a connecting link between the past and the present. The father of Isaac Slocum was one of the pioneer settlers of the Wyoming Valley, and he lost his life at the hands of Indian savages who shot him down upon his own premises while engaged with his farm work. In the days when Isaac Slocum owned the farm upon which this borough now stands we had imprisonment for debt and Isaac, in order to save himself from the annoyance of arrest for debt, had a place built in the loft of his dwelling where he could secrete himself from the officers of the law; but owing to the changes and transportation in the building, no trace of the hiding place is now left. And the law of imprisonment for debt brings to mind another fact, that it was William Elwell, formerly Judge of our courts here, who in 1842, while a member of the legislature, secured the passage of a law abolishing the barbarous custom of imprisonment for debt, and thus did away with the necessity of building hiding places to prevent the enforcement of so obnoxious a law. Judge Elwell is among the foremost thinkers of his time and has left the impress of his great mind upon the pages of the jurisprudence of our State.—*Wyoming Democrat.*

MY OLD HOME.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. PETER SHULTZ, BY JOHN SUTTON.

In fancy I visit the home of my childhood,
Recalling the scenes of my earliest days,
Around the old house in the midst of the wildwood,
With tender emotions my memory plays.

I still see the seats of my Father and Mother,
Where they sat in the cool when the shadows were long,
I still hear the voice of a Sister or Brother,
As they warble a tune of some favorite song.

I stroll through the meadow and gather the flowers
Or sit in the shade of the old orchard trees,
I watch the bright birds building nests in the bowers,
And hear their sweet songs floating out on the breeze.

I stand on the bank where the brooklet is flowing,
Or play, with my feet, in the edge of the stream,
Again I'm a child, and seem not to be knowing,
That all this enjoyment is only a dream.

Ah, only a dream, from which to awaken,
Brings back all the sorrows that made my heart sore,
My loved ones, the homestead have long since forsaken
And home, my old home, is not home any more.

Deep silence, his reign, over all has asserted
No voices or footsteps respond to my call,
The crickets the old-fashioned hearth have deserted
And hushed the old clock that hung on the wall.

My mother has long in the church yard been sleeping,
But lately my father was laid by her side.
For many long years had he vigils been keeping,
And ninety-four years was his age when he died.

Now all that is left is the beautiful picture,
This sweet mental dream of my home in the past,
Engraved on my heart as a permanent picture,
I'll hold it while reason and memory last.

There is hope in the future, this comfort is given,
When earth and its fast fading scenes are all o'er,
I will join with my friends in the kingdom of heaven,
And dwell in that beautiful home evermore.

Knights of the Golden Eagle.

The first Castle of this prosperous Order in Columbia county has been organized at Centralia. It will be known as Centralia Castle, No. 190.

Grand Chief Charles H. Huston and staff will institute it on Saturday evening, July 23. Delegations will be present from the following Castles: Pioneer, No. 85, of Ashland; Mammouth, No. 136, of Girardville; Anthracite, No. 74, of Shenandoah; Eureka, No. 86, of Mahanoy City; Mountain, No. 48, and George Washington, No. 125, of Pottsville; Tamaqua, No. 68, of Tamaqua; Hosack, No. 87, of Audenried; Lansford, No. 96, of Lansford; Spring Mountain, No. 129, and Hazleton, No. 72, of Hazleton; Enterprise, No. 115, of Weatherly; Tremont, No. 107, of Tremont; Fairmount, No. 122, of Paxinos, and Wallace, No. 146, of Shamokin.

The application for charter contains the names of the most prominent citizens of the borough and vicinity.

The following officers will be installed:
Past Chief—R. M. Lashell.
Noble Chief—Charles B. Spurr.
Vice Chief—James Thompson.
High Priest—Charles H. Green.
Venerable Hermit—James W. Beck.
Master of Records—John Benfield.
Clerk of Exchequer—George W. Davis.
Sir Herald—Benjamin J. Dyke.
Worthy Bard—Wm. H. Smith.
Worthy Chamberlain—W. W. Hefner.
Ensign—Lewis Reb.
Esquire—John H. Browell.
First Guardsman—Wm. Battes.
Second Guardsman—Wm. A. Evans.
Trustees—John Bray and Geo. Browell.

Curious Facts in Snake Lore.

From Walford's Antiquarian.

The marvelous stories told of serpents are innumerable. There is one reptile about a yard in length and as thick as the upper part of a strong man's arm, which haunts dry wooded places. It is so venomous, especially in May, that not only will the first person it bites in that month die himself, but any one who stands beside or comes to help him will share the same fate. If he falls beneath a tree that, too, or if it be very large at least one-half of it will be killed. Again serpents of all kinds are very fond of milk. In the old days, before the railway was built, a coachman who used to drive on the road between Floggia and Naples once fell asleep outside a little inn while his horses were baiting. His mouth was open and a snake crept down his throat. After this he felt unwell, but did not know why, and none of the doctors could tell what was the matter with him. At last he consulted the professors of the University at Naples. They hung him up by his feet and placed a great bowl of milk beneath his head. The snake, attracted by the smell, crept out to drink, but still kept a great part of its body in the mouth and throat of the coachman. A young doctor sprang forward, pulled it out and threw it away, when it was killed. It was about two feet and a half in length. After this the patient was well as ever.

Mifflin.

Candidates have been somewhat numerous of late.

Lloyd Farrhing, of Black Creek, spent this week in this township, putting away his crops.

The band festival, on Saturday evening, was a success, both for the band and the landlord.

Petitions have been numerous of late. An old saying is that "Foolish people do foolish things."

H. L. DeWitt, of Sugarloaf, spent Sunday with his brother, W. O. DeWitt.

Minor Wagner, formerly of this place, died at Hazleton on the 15th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Freeman, of Blairstown, N. J., are visiting relatives at this place.

The Sunday school at Zion's will hold a picnic in Frymire's grove on Saturday next.

Supt. Grimes held an examination at this place on Saturday, the 16th.

Father W. H. Kelchner is still in the furniture business.

A Reading Wreck.

At an early hour on the morning of July 14 a serious wreck occurred at Arter's, near Saydertown, about seven miles east of Sunbury, on the Shamokin and Lewisburg branch of the Reading Railroad. At the point stated, Conductor James Taylor's mixed train broke in two, and before a flagman could be sent back, a train following dashed into it with such force as to throw the engine of the broken train and a number of its cars down the bank into Shamokin Creek. The engineer, whose name we were unable to learn, had one of his legs crushed, and a brakeman was more or less injured. Conductor Taylor was seriously hurt and was sent to his home at Catawissa. He formerly resided at Watsontown, and is an old and popular railroader. It required nearly a whole day to clear the track for other trains. The accident is regarded as the most serious of the long list which has occured on that road in the recent past.

The starlit evenings of July will be full of beauty for those who delight to study the wonders of the heavens. Venus will shine like a young moon in the west. Jupiter will shine on the meridian at sunset. Saturn will pass behind the sun and commence his course as morning star. Mercury, like Venus, will reach his eastern limit and become a morning star.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE
Cod Liver Oil, With Hypophosphites.
For Lung Troubles and Wasting Diseases.
Dr. J. Simonaud, New Orleans, La., says: "Scott's Emulsion is the finest preparation of the kind. In affections of the Lungs and other wasting diseases, we may consider it our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elegant and agreeable form."

The English Sparrow.

Many years ago we first made the acquaintance of the sparrow, and we were fascinated by his saucy, contented drollery.

It was in London, and just outside the window within which our studies were supposed to be carried on was a leaden roof whereon could be observed at every hour the domestic manners and social customs of these restless little animals. We were never tired of their antics—their tempestuous love making, their indefatigable housekeeping, their petulant quarrels, sharp tongued and sharp-beaked too; and they cast shrewd little glances from time to time at us with much the expression of a party of sayages making merry near the great idol of some divinity. Since those days, like most other Americans, we have become rather blase on this subject, less responsive to the sparrow's advances, and have finally come to consider him no better than a winged rat. In fact he is one respect a good deal worse, for he is doing what the rats cannot do: driving our song birds from their former haunts about our homes to distant and unknown resorts, where they can be free from his chattering persecutions. About our home there are fewer song birds than ever within our recollection. Not a single catbird came last summer, nor could we hear of one about the neighborhood; not a wren; not even the valorous little blue-bird; not a tanager; not a martin; not an oriole. Formerly there were many, and the groves morning and evening resounded with their mingled notes; last year they were fewer; this year there were none. A pair of scarlet tanagers and a pair of orchard orioles were indeed seen for a week or so, but were soon killed or driven off. Only the robins and the spotted thrushes hold their ground and who can tell how long they will do so? These three pests, sparrows, red squirrels and strolling cats, have among them done the mischief, and every lover of birdsshould give orders to have all such verminshot at sight.—*From "Some English Wayside Birds," by Theodore H. Mead, in The American Magazine.*

Conkling and Blaine.

NEW COLUMBUS, PA., July 20, 1887.

EDS. COLUMBIAN:—

The retired statesman, Ex-Senator Conkling, recently spoke in praise of Grant at a club meeting in Chicago, and the ubiquitous reporter got in some how, and once more we have the illustrious gentleman photographed by those who don't like him, because he said in effect that he liked Grant, and didn't say he liked Blaine, for the past, present, or future.

Now, if you will permit a word in his favor from an ardent admirer of many character and scholarly attainment, we would be pleased to say out loud that there are still those in the land who like Conkling (dignity, bangs and all,) much better than either Blaine or Grant, or Blaine and Grant combined. And we would be pleased to say further, that it were well for us if more of our public men were plagued with the pride and dignity characteristic of Mr. Conkling. Since his retirement from pub. lic life—from the hypocrisy and treachery he found where friendship in any fairness should have prevailed; from the revengeful indignities and humiliations sought to be put up him, openly and by stealth, in order to clear the way and gratify a bitter hatred, the outgrowth of the disappointed ambition of James G. Blaine, who was then the influential premier of an administration that was saved from defeat only through stalwart effort, we say that since his abrupt retirement from the senate for the more congenial and profitable calling of his legal profession (for he never abused his trust to steal himself rich), rather than remain and submit to the lash of of Blaine over the shoulder of President Garfield, the Republican party has been adrift in a sea of halfbreedism so sweetly blended with Catholicism—its very spinal column—as to make its future success extremely doubtful. Now this is the case in spite of the brilliancy of the Unplumed Knight, in spite of his merited applause from the lobby and the monopolist and the papist. With all these and perhaps still more in Blaine's favor as an available candidate for the Presidency it is plainly written on the wall of fate that "virtue alone survives;" and wherein lies the strength and virtue of the Unplumed Knight, we beg to inquire?

I. J. J.

No Honor at Home.

As water seeks its level, so does the village instinctively tend to maintain a certain moral and intellectual uniformity. The man of exceptional ability is sooner or later expelled by the body politic. He is mistrusted, disliked and finally ostracized. Nor is he himself slow to take the hint to depart. He perceives that there is nothing for him to do at home. He forges restlessly about for awhile, trying this and that, and effecting only mischief: everybody surmises an evil destiny for him; he puts on his hat and departs, in despair or anger; and presently the world recognizes and celebrates his genius. But his native village never swells the chorus of praise. They have known him from a baby; he cannot humbug them! Did he not steal apples from Farmer Hoyt's orchard? Was he not the slowest hand at a spelling-match in school? Did he not jilt Mary Jane after everybody had agreed that he would marry her? Go to, then! Can such a fellow as that invent a navigable air-ship, or write a classic book, or create a successful railroad? He is only Jack Smith, after all is said and done, and, among those who know him, will always have a Jack Smith reputation.—*From "Village Types," by Julian Hawthorne, in The American Magazine.*

Soldiers' Headstones.

The following letter, received by Lieut. U. H. Ent, recently, will explain itself:

OFFICE OF NATIONAL CEMETERIES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14, 1887.

U. H. ENT, Esq., Bloomsburg, Pa., *Sir:*—By direction of the Quartermaster General, I have to acknowledge receipt of your application for headstones for soldiers' graves at your place, but regret to inform you that the appropriations granted by Congress for this purpose are only sufficient to enable the Department to fill the requests received prior to March 25, 1887.

Your application, with all others received after that date, has been placed on file, and will be given prompt attention whenever another appropriation for this work shall be made, but in any event, it will not be possible to supply the stones until the Spring of 1888. Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,
J. G. CHANDLER,
Deputy Quartermaster General, U. S. Army.

"The Best of Academies."

Under the above complimentary heading the Media *American* of a recent date has the following editorial notice of Swithin C. Shortlidge's Media (Pa.) Academy for young men and boys:

"We this week give much space of the *American* to the commencement exercises, final sports and annual banquet of the Shortlidge Academy for Boys. We do this because it has become a great educational institution, with a success so marked and widely known that it draws students from all parts of the continent. Improved methods of education, practical and capable instructors, careful and preparatory work for college life, combined with reasonable charges and every means for the promotion of physical health, strength and good habits are the features which distinguish this academy for boys above others. Media is proud of it and of its enterprising founder, Mr. Swithin C. Shortlidge."

Athletics.

BASE BALL.

A large crowd gathered at Athletic Park last Saturday afternoon to witness a game of ball between Bloomsburg and Berwick, which was begun at 3:45 and continued until half-past five, when, with the score standing 13 to 13, the Berwick nine left the grounds, being afraid they would miss the train, as they said, but as they had nearly an hour left, and plenty of time to play another inning, it was rather a lame excuse. The game was therefore declared by the umpire to stand 9 to 0, in favor of the Bloom boys.

Berwick did good batting in the second inning, but the Bloom boys did not get on to the Berwick pitcher until the fifth inning, when they did some heavy batting. Eat knocked a three bagger and Sylves made a home run, knocking the ball out to the fence, at the opposite end of the grounds. Lane and Buckingham, of the Berwick nine, each knocked two baggers. Other good plays, and some very poor ones, were made on both sides.

NOTES.

In the fifth inning Leary, of the Berwick club, while at the bat was struck by the ball and knocked senseless for a few minutes. Sherwood took his place.

A slight rain at the beginning of the 6th inning scattered the spectators. A great many had umbrellas, however, which they had brought along to keep off the sun.

The spectators were much disappointed that the game was not finished. It was just getting interesting.

Quite a large number of ladies from town attended the game.

The Park now presents a fine appearance The grounds are well laid out. When a grand stand has been built, nothing more will be needed to make it equal to any ball grounds around here.

LAWN TENNIS.

The same afternoon a game of lawn tennis was played between a team of the Bonita club and one of the Danville club, which resulted in the defeat of the Bloom club. Quite a crowd, mostly members of the Bloom club, gathered at the grounds, and the game was begun at 5:30 and finished at 6:30 o'clock. The teams were the same ones that played at Danville not long ago, and the score stood as follows:

Danville.	Bloom.
6	5
6	1
6	2

The winning of the game depended on the beating of 3 out of 5 sets, and as Danville took the first three sets the game was theirs. As the Danville club has had two or three years experience and ours but a few months, it is not strange that Danville beats them.

The Danvillans drove up in an omnibus, and stopped at the Exchange, returning in the evening. A few ladies of the club accompanied them.

The Historical Journal.

THE HISTORICAL JOURNAL for August is an interesting and valuable number. Its leading feature is a biographical sketch, with portrait, of Governor John Andrew Shulze, including a history of the purchase of the large farm at Montoursville, which led to his financial ruin. This is followed with the journal of John Hamilton, of Clinton county, who made a voyage in a canal boat from Pine Creek to Philadelphia via Union Canal, in 1839. The daily incidents of the journey are given in a racy and piquant style. Edith C. Baily contributes a charming article on "Local History—Its Interest and Importance." The story of a prolific family that emigrated from Greene County to Ohio in 1810 is one of the odd features of the monthly, which is followed with an article on curious grave stone inscriptions. Some valuable information is given of Huntingdon in early times, and the long ownership of the homestead occupied by Hon. J. Simpson Africa is shown. Old time furnaces in Butler County and the first mail to Franklin make interesting paragraphs. A letter from Secretary Bayard shows that old Henry Harris, of Muncy, did not purchase his freedom, as he claimed. The department of old persons living is quite full, as well as that of aged deceased. An account of the centennial anniversary of a Washington County lady carries the reader back to pioneer days. Although but four months old, THE HISTORICAL JOURNAL has reached a good circulation and is rapidly gaining in popularity among those who wish to see our local history preserved. It is printed on heavy paper, in magazine form, and twelve numbers make a magnificent illustrated bound volume of over 400 pages. Send $2 to John F. Meginness, the publisher, at Williamsport, and secure it at once for a year. Back numbers still supplied.

Can't Make Anything Like It.

I have been practicing medicine for 20 years, and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the liver to action and at the same time aid (instead of weakening) the digestive and assimilative powers of the system. No other remedy within my knowledge can fill its place.

L. M. HINTON, M. D., Washington, Ark.

Buried in a Cave.

THE BODIES OF NINE MEN DISCOVERED IN A CAVE NEAR ELMIRA.

Elmira Special to the New York Sun.

Several chambers excavated in the solid rock have been discovered on a hillside in Caton, this county. There was a little opening in the hillside, which was known to the children who played there as the wolf's den, but they never ventured into it, as it had the reputation of harboring rattlesnakes. It remained for Gus Wyman to make the discovery. He was hunting rabbits, and one took refuge in this cave. On crawling into the cave Mr. Wyman saw an opening to the right of him, which he entered, and, lighting a match, he saw he was in a chamber excavated in the rock.

He notified Mr. Dwight, on whose farm the cave is, and with a lantern they entered it. Their attention was first attracted to the bodies of nine men, laid in regular order at one side of the chamber, their heads to the north and their bodies resting on carved blocks stone, and artistically carved stone pillows supporting the heads. Various ornaments of metal were found.

The bodies will average six feet in length. The were covered with cloth which crumbles at the touch. Another chamber, similar to the one described, is connected with it by a broad archway; it also contains bodies. The chambers are partly natural and partly artificial, they having been greatly enlarged. Thh marks of the tools of the ancient workmen may be everywhere seen.

It is not known whether the bodies were embalmed or were preserved by the atmosphere of the caverns. Everything remains as it was found and it is the intention of Mr. Dwight to have the place examined by a scientific person. The bodies are not much attenuated, the skin is brown and the flesh apparently hard. The hair in each case is black, coarse and long. It has been discovered that the entrance to the caverns was formerly much larger and had been entirely covered with earth. It is believed that the rains of years had the effect of washing the earth away, thus exposing the upper portion of the entrance to the subterranean chambers.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Bloomsburg for week ending July 16, 1887:

Willie Brewer, F. H. Eyerly, Elizabeth Hagenbuch, Miss Susie Hayman, Mrs. L. D. Hartman, Miss Dora E. Pierce, Mr. H. A. Shaffer, J. M. White, Lewis Williams, John W. Wilson, Geo. Sigler.

CARDS.

S. E. Boettinger, I. H. Sweuk, S. E. Thompson.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised."

GEORGE A. CLARK, P. M.

Trade Dollars.

Trade dollars will not be received at par by either of our banks after July 25th. Those who yet hold trade dollars must get them in before Monday if they wish to get one hundred cents for them. After that time they will be taken only as bullion.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, July 18, 1887.

Store closed at 1 P. M. on Saturdays during the Summer.

Near the wind-up for Mattings. We've about 150 rolls of low grade fancy Mattings which shall go at a wind-up price—14 cents a yard, $5 for a 40 yard roll. Another grade 15 cents a yard, $5.30 a roll.

We've taken an importer's large invoice of fine quality Seamless Matting. Been selling like it at 45 cents, this shall go at 30 cents, or $11 a roll.

An invoice of Seamless Damask Matting shall go at 45 cents, or $16 a roll. It has been 65 cents.

Oil Cloth Remnants, too, in sizes large enough for vestibules, small halls and kitchens. Less than cost.

Embroidered Piqués. Many kinds; some with narrow to match. Not a fault except that the lots are little. A quarter drops from the price, just the same.

White were $1.20 to $2.60;
Now 95c. to $2.00.
Buff were $1.38 to $2.60;
Now $1.05 to $1.50.

When you see a new Book announced look for it on our New Book Table. It'll be there. It came to us on the day of publication. They all do; light or heavy or between.

The biggest collection you can find of light Summer reading. Paper covered Novels by standard authors, 9 to 18c each.

Soft, thick, close, Bleached German Table Linen, 56 in., 50 cents. Napkins to match.

Cream German Damask, 2 inches more than 2 yards wide, 85 cents. To look at it you'd say it'd "wear like iron." It won't, but it'll last till you tire of it. Napkins too.

Men's Linen Handkerchiefs, woven colored borders, $1 a dozen. You've paid 25 cents each for no better.

Unhemmed Linen Handkerchiefs for boys and girls, 50 cents a dozen.

Fine, filmy, effecy fancy Shawls and Wraps for piazza, seaside or evening wear. All the exquisite tints of the season.

Cashmere Shawls, soft and clinging, $1.25 to $4.

Delicate Cashmere Scarfs, embroidered and plain, a dozen shades, 50 cents to $1.

Plush Scarfs, $6, $8 and $10.

Fancy Shawls; barège, silk and satin in stripes; may be 50 styles. Light and lovely, $1.50 to $8.50.

Special lot of Silk Shawls, cream, black and blue, $8. Coquettish, graceful, airy.

The way Crazy Crepes are going is a caution. Pulling, picking, cutting all day long. Neat, dainty figures precisely put on a loosely woven, jumbled, tumbled surface of fine wiry threads. A careless stuff—no worry in the making, none in the wearing, none in the doing up. The wonder is not that it goes, but that the price is 12½ cents from 16.

Jersey-weave Silk; corded like

Wonderful Operation.

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S HAIR TRANSPLANTED TO A HUMAN HEAD.

A young and wealthy New Yorker, who has been as bald as a billiard ball, will soon go back into society with a head of curly hair, which was procured for him by transplantation from a dog, writes a New York correspondent to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. His case is one of the most remarkable surgical operations ever known in this city and perhaps in the world. The young man is the private patient of the consulting surgeon of St. Elizabeth Hospital. He is the son of a well known dry goods merchant, and lives in an elegant mansion on Fifth avenue. The man was graduated from Columbia College about two years ago, and was sent to the University at Heidelberg to complete his education. It was there he met with a painful accident. He had taken a special course in chemistry, and spent much of his time in the laboratory in the capacity of teachers' assistant. One evening, while alone, he was overcome by the vapor of sulphuric acid, and before he could get to the open air fell unconscious. As he rolled over his head entered an open fire place, where there was a large log burning, and his hair caught on fire. He was found shortly afterward. His head was in a frightful condition. The flesh running from the forehead to the shoulders in the back of the neck was roasted. When he was lifted from the floor portions of the scalp fell off, exposing the bone. His face was not much injured, save for about an inch on the forehead. He was taken to his room, and there began the battle for his life. It was feared that the brain had been affected, as he remained in a comatose condition. There was a watery deposit in the lungs, but it could not be determined whether this was due to the inhaling of the vapor of the acid or the flames from the fire. The lung symptoms became worse rapidly, and all hope was given up of saving his life. The best physicians in Germany were called to attend him, and everything was done that was known in medical science. Nearly all the flesh sloughed off from the skull leaving a patch here and there, like an oasis in a desert.

It was a long time before his lungs healed, and much longer before the horrible would become well enough to remove the skull cap bandage which he wore. When he recovered his strength and came home, the terrible disfigurement of the cicatrical tissue in the scalp was hidden under a wig. The wig would have been all right but for the fact that it set up an annoying irritation. Wigs of every sort were tried to overcome the difficulty, but when the irritation developed into a distressing inflamation from which a discharging ulcer was formed, the wigs had to be abandoned. When the hospital surgeon's attention was called to the case there was an ulcerated surface about as large as a silver dollar in the top of the back head. He suggested the performance of a plastic operation, or the transplantation of skin. The patient expressed his willingness to undergo anything, however, painful or inconvenient, and he was in a fair physical condition, work was begun at once. This was several months ago. As a preliminary test, a small section of skin and flesh was cut from the patient's breast and placed in the center of the ulceration in the scalp, which had been previously scraped until it bled profusely. The skin took root in an astonishing short time much to the gratification of the patient and physicians, and from the outer border of the transplanted skin little shoots of healthy tissue protruded into the neighboring flesh and grew rapidly.

This was continued until the entire ulcerated surface had healed and presented a healthy appearance. In the new flesh which had been thus formed there was an active growth of capillary substance, showing that the hair cells had not been destroyed. This led the doctor to suggest a novel experiment, which, if successful, would not only cover the head of the patient with flesh but also with a beautiful growth of curly hair. It was nothing less than to try and transplant the skin of a dog to the patient's head. It took some time for the patient to overcome the natural aversion to such an operation, but finally he gave his consent, especially as his wealth and social position could not compensate for the horrible deformity in his head.

A large Newfoundland dog was procured with a fine coat of hair, and the patient was put under the influence of ether in his own room. The doctor had several assistants, one of whom scraped a portion of the flesh from the top of the patient's head. While this was being done the dog was anæthetized. The hair on one of its thighs was cut close and an incision was made several inches long. A parallel incision was made near the first one, and at the lower end these incisions were joined by a third one. The flesh and skin were then dissected up for several inches, leaving the large flap united to the dog at the upper end.

The dog had been placed in an adjustable frame work on wheels, and he was rolled to the patient's side and raised even with the head. While the blood was pouring from the dog's flesh it was placed upon the patient's head and pressed firmly into position. Stripes of adhesive plaster were run in various directions over the dog's and the patient's head, and after the entire wound had been dusted with chloroform, bandages were applied. The dog's legs and body had been previously strapped so that nothing could be moved but the head, and this was permitted to be moved only sideways. The patient's head was also held by supports in such a position as to take the strain from the neck and restrict all motion.

The operation took about an hour and a half, and when the patient became conscious fortunately there was no vomiting from the ether. The relative positions of dog and man were maintained for a week. The dog was fed regularly, but did not seem to enjoy his food. The patient's condition was splendid, and when the flap was severed from the dog it was found to be firmly united to the head. As the healing went on some of the hair dropped out, but enough was left to make a nice fringe on the forehead. The experiment was remarkably successful, and as soon as the flesh was healed it was tried again with good result. The work was kept up until there had been thirteen distinct operations. All were successful save two, and in these the dog's flesh sloughed off. It took two dogs to furnish the flesh, the first one having died from the seventh operation from blood poisoning. The second dog is alive, and goes around with a bald spot at his thigh. The patient's head is covered with hair, and it looks natural. When combed there is hardly a trace of deformity, but when the hair is raised scars can be seen where the hair does not grow.

A Hog as a Life Preserver.

The yarns of sea captains are not always trustworthy, but this story is vouched for, and furthermore we know the captain.

The shipper, whose name is Christopher Crosby, then a young man, was running a small schooner between Boston and St. John, N. B. An uncle of Young Capt. Crosby was running at the same time one of the large side-wheel passenger boats plying between Portland and St. John.

Most of our readers are no doubt aware that it is customary during a fog to blow a tin horn on board of sailing vessels in order to prevent collisions; and the sailors, as they say, take turns in "playing on the mouth-organ."

One morning in the early part of spring, the season for the greatest amount of fog along our north Atlantic coast, Capt. Crosby's vessel was running on the southward course from St. John, about in the track of his uncle's steamer, which had left Portland that morning, and was liable to come along at any moment. During the night one of the sailors laid the "mouth organ" down on the rail of the schooner and it rolled overboard. When the captain came on deck in the morning he found his vessel in a dense fog, and no horn on board. For a moment he was puzzled, not knowing what to do. Recovering himself, he set one of the men to pounding on the anchor with a piece of iron; for, under the circumstances, it was choosing between a positive noise and a possible death.

Pounding on the anchor made a noise much better than none, but it could be heard only a short distance and was not at all satisfactory.

It so happened that among the vessel's stores the captain had a live pig, which he allowed to run around on deck.

Presently the men on the schooner heard in the distance, beating against the water, the wheels of a steamer, which seemed to be running directly for their little vessel. They all screamed at the top of their voices, for in five minutes they expected to be struggling in the water.

Suddenly it occurred to the captain that the shrill squeal of a pig could be heard a long distance, and quick as thought he set one of his men to pinching the pig's tail with a pair of nippers. The pig in response to each pinch, belched forth a most blood-curdling shriek, which traveled far out into the fog.

The steamboat came nearer and nearer very slowly. Its captain, faintly discerning the outlines of a schooner through the fog, and, thinking it was his nephew's vessel, shouted in a deep guttural voice, "Chris, is that you?" "Yes," replied Capt. Crosby. "Well, I am glad of that," growled the uncle, "for I thought I was running ashore and into a hog-yard."—*American Magazine.*

The Useful Maguey Plant.

At Ozumba, where the road begins to descend, we breakfasted very well for 50 cents in a rude shanty, on eggs, rice, beefsteak, three or four other kinds of meats and stews, sweets, pulque, and black coffee, says Charles Dudley Warner, writing on Mexico in *Harper's Magazine.* The pulque is best in these high regions. It is a viscous milk-white fluid, very wholesome and sustaining, and would be a most agreeable drink if it "tasted good." In fact it tastes, when it has been a few days fermented, like a mixture of buttermilk and sour cider. But many strangers become very fond of it. The older it grows the more intoxicating it is. As the reader knows, probably, it is drawn from the maguey plant, called by us the "century," which grows on these elevations to a great size, and is the cleanest limbed and most vigorous and wholesome-looking product of the region. When it matures it shoots up a stout spike ten or twenty feet high from the center, bearing brilliant orange flowers. When the plant is ready to tap the center stalk is cut out, and the sap collects in the cup thus formed. It is dipped out or sucked out by a tube, and when first drawn is mild, cool, and refreshing. In about three days it begins to ferment. As it is often carried to market on the backs of natives in pig or goat skins it gets a disagreeable flavor. The maguey plant has many uses. It is eaten cut up and preserved like melon rinds. Its long, tough fiber is used very extensively in making ropes and cordage. The end of each leaf terminates in a hard, sharp, black thorn. Break off this thorn and strip down the fibers attached to it, and you have a capital needle and thread for coarse sewing. The muleteers use it to mend their saddles and broken harness straps. What encouragement is there to industry when nature furnishes in one plant drink, food, needles and thread and a rope for lariats!

She Dodged It.

Pedestrians who happened to be passing a certain house on Columbia street east yesterday forenoon saw a servant girl come out of the front door in a hurry. She seemed perturbed and ill at rest. She was followed by her hat, a couple of aprons, a pair of shoes and a trunk, and the door was shut with a bang and the key turned in the lock.

"Anything wrong?" inquire a peddler at the curbstone.

"I—I think there is," replied the girl as she placed the things in her trunk.

"What is it?"

"Why, I didn't want to redden my face doing up strawberries over a hot stove."

"And do you always leave as suddenly as this?"

"Not always, but in this case I wanted to. I threw a can at her and she dodged it."—*N. Y. World.*

To Wipe Out Wrinkles.

It is said that wrinkles are due to the gradual wearing away of the flesh underneath the skin, because, it has too little or the wrong kind of exercise. Wrinkles of the face usually take a downward course, due to washing and wiping the face; therefore, wash and wipe upward. To fill out cheeks that are growing hollow this is recommended: Take a piece of soft leather—kid or chamois skin will do—and put the end of it between the teeth; then chew gently upon it for several minutes, taking care not to raise the teeth from the leather. This exercise, it is claimed, will restore to youthful plumpness the most hollow cheek.

Impressive.

At a negro wedding in this city a short time ago, at the words "love honor and obey" the groom interrupted the preacher and said: "Read that again, sah, so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity ob de meanin'. I'se been married befo'"—*Griffin (Ga.) News.*

Morgan's Great Leap.

THE FOOLHARDY FEAT OF AN ADVENTUROUS YOUNG SCHOOLMASTER.

At Palmyra the banks of Kinchafoonee creek are high and precipitous. The highest bluff, a great rocky promontory that hangs over a deep and narrow stream, looms up far above the boatman, beyond the reach of the longest pole, as he glides through its shadow. This rocky bank rises to a perpendicular height of about thirty feet, and is known as Morgan's bluff.

In 1839 General Henry Morgan, our fellow-townsman, then the village schoolmaster of classic Palmyra, was discussing the death of Sam Patch, occasioned by his last fearful leap. The young pedagogue continued, in the face of all opposition, that the leap attempted was of ease and safe accomplishment by one of cool head and experience. He stated that he, himself, had leaped over fifty feet into the rivers of his Northern home. The crowd was incredulous, and the pluck and determination of young Morgan was thoroughly aroused by their jests at his expense, and he showed his spirit by proposing to jump into the Kinchafoonee from the highest point that could be found on its steep banks.

The party selected the point at which the test leap was to be made. The appointed day arriving, quite a crowd collected to witness the feat. At the creek men would look down from the dizzy height to the seething waters below, and many joined in the attempt to dissuade the "foolhardy teacher" from the rash attempt, but to no purpose; his determination was as fixed as the rocky bed of the stream. The leap was made, both feet foremost, with perfect safety and apparent pleasure.

Ever afterwards the bluff has been called Morgan's bluff, and many times afterward the young schoolmaster, in the spring season, after the duties of the school-room had been discharged for the afternoon, would repair to the bluff and indulge the pleasure of a bath in the cool, clear water of the picturesque Kinchafoonee.

To this day no one has ever been known to jump from Morgan's bluff except General Henry Morgan.—*Albany (Ga.) News.*

How the Indian Writes English.

Sentence building and descriptive writing from pictures form part of the daily school work of each pupil in the Industrial School, and the following interesting attempts to form straight English sentences were the result of a recent exercise: "I see unit tree;" "Put wheat in stacks to keep from eating the animals walking around in the field;" "The elephant is a clumsy;" "I know the earth is round because if you go a long time you will come back to the place where you stardy like an apple walking around."

Describing one of the Indian boys in public debate who grew very earnest "Near come out his eyes he talk so loud." "I am study hard this time. I am study the book of bones. It is called the physiology book. I must try hard this time about the bones."

"The other day I went to see my head and lungs about the doctor." "Mexico is made of States untied under one garment."

A little Indian boy, whose problem in arithmetic to work out was "Divide 1.000 by .001," worked away very patiently until the slate was nearly covered with 9's and 1 over, then, looking up to his teacher, in tones of great perplexity said: "Miss Blank, I cannot stop."—*Carlisle School Star.*

The Sea Salt Craze.

The majority of our readers will remember the blue-glass craze which raged so furiously in 1871-2. The manufactories of blue glass reaped an enormous harvest, and people who never allowed the sun to shine upon them before permitted its beams to reach them through blue glass hung in convenient southern windows. There are some indications that another craze is coming to take the place of blue glass and the more recent furor for hot water. The latest is the consumption of sea salt or rock salt from Turk's Island as a cure for nearly all the ills of the body. The craze has reached Utica and is traveling this way. So far, the sea salt eaten in season and out of season has been found to cure consumption, dyspepsia and kidney difficulty, headache and general good-for-nothingness.—*Rochester Democrat.*

The Color of the Sun.

A year ago Professor Langley, the distinguished American astronomer, performed an experiment in the theatre of the Royal Institute in London, to show that the true color of the sun is blue. He argued that the atmosphere cut off a large proportion of the blue rays, and that if the observer could get beyond it the sun would look blue. Not long ago, in the same place, Captain Abney, in a lecture on "Sunlight Colors," rejected this experiment, adopting Professor Langley's figures with mathematical accuracy, but dispensing with the paper disks, which this lecturer held vitiated the result and he showed that the color of the sun was not blue, but very nearly that of the white light to be seen at high elevation in a clear, dust-free atmosphere.

Philosophy.

A woman who was house hunting last week informed her husband at supper that she had secured a house on a certain street, which she named. "H'm!" began the man, "t'seems t'me it's a long way out. I don't like t'locality." "Locality's nothin'," said his wife, decidedly; "most every place is a good ways from somewhere." Which bit of female philosophy is worth remembering.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Sight She Missed.

A lady who had been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to her friends.

"But what pleased me as much as anything," she continued, "was the wonderful clock at Strasburg.

"Oh, how I should love to see it," gushed a pretty youg woman in pink; "I am so interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine, too?"

He was not a man of metaphors, but he had a heart in him as big as a load of straw and he was smitten in the usual way. "I love you," he said to her hesitatingly. "No you don't," she replied with a pleased consciousness of supremacy. "Yes I do. I love you harder than—than—than——" "Than what?" She suggested, as he came to a dead stop at the loss of a simile. "Harder than a woman can throw a stovelid at her husband." It was scarcely appropriate at such a time but love laughs at rhetoric and he got the girl.—*Washington Critic.*

A Remarkable Trip.

(New York Times, June 23d, 1887.)

Hon. Wolfe Rahill, of Chicago, looking for all the world as though he had just issued from the proverbial band-box, was stumbled over last night at the Windsor Hotel, where he was engaged in searching the tape line for the last quotation for July wheat. The set of Mr. Rahill's claw-hammer coat was faultless; his shirt bosom, from the centre of which a lustrous opal shot forth moonlike rays, was immaculate and unrumpled; while his trousers, marked by that latest freak of gentlemanly folly, the Prince of Wales crease, fitted him in a way that at once filled with envy all the heavy swells of Gotham who were buzzing about the wide corridors.

"It beats the world," Mr. Rahill remarked, looking up from the paper ribbon that he held between his thumb and fore-finger, "it is the greatest accomplishment of the century."

"The Chicago wheat deal?" queried his listener, in a vain effort to catch his drift.

"Nonsense!" he returned, dropping the line, and thrusting both hands into his trousers' pockets. "The Chicago wheat deal is an old story. The same thing has been done over and over again. No, sir; I was speaking of the train on which I left Chicago last evening, and on which I came into Jersey City to-night—one of the new Vestibuled Trains that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just put on between the two cities. It's the novelty of the age, it's the—but stop, let me tell you about it and you yourself will have to hunt for terms sufficiently glowing to describe it. I came back to Chicago yesterday afternoon after a business trip west as far as Omaha. I was dusty, dirty, and weary, and I longed for nothing so much as a bath and a good sound sleep. I was tired of the rumble and rattle of the cars, the flying cinders, the cramped sitting posture, the dust over everything, the railroad lunch-rooms, and the railroad sandwiches. I made up my my mind that I would settle down in Chicago and never stir out of it again until I had to. Well, what do you suppose happened? When at four o'clock I rushed into my office in State street and dropped into my chair, there among the letters on my desk before me I found an invitation to a friend's wedding in New York. Time: to-night; 7.30. I railed at my unlucky stars. Much as I despised railroad traveling I would have gone double the distance to have seen that man married. In days gone by we were as were Damon and Pythias. I stated the case to my partner, and growled like seven bears because I had not come home a day earlier.

"'Well,' said my partner, after a moment's hesitation, 'if you'd stop growling and hustle about a little you might get there yet.'"

"'Man alive!' I exclaimed, 'you're crazy. The Pennsylvania Railroad's New York and Chicago Limited, which makes the fastest time of any train east leaves in less than an hour, and does not arrive in New York until seven o'clock to-morrow night. The wedding takes place in a church somewhere up Madison avenue. Now, how in the name of Heaven could I get shaved, put on a dress suit, and ride to the church in half an hour?'

"'You're behind the century,' said Tom—Tom's my partner, you know. 'Trust this matter to me, and I'll have you there before the organist strikes up the wedding march, or you can call on me for ten thousand bushels of July wheat at 70.'

"Well, I just put myself trustingly into his hands. The first thing he did was to start a messenger off to my house with my satchel, and instructions to put in my dress clothes and two changes of underwear, and to be at the Union Station by five o'clock sharp. The next thing he did was to secure a section for me on the Pennsylvania's Vestibuled Train for that afternoon; and it was only by luck that he got it. Everything, I believe, had been engaged for days ahead, but somebody, who couldn't go, brought back his ticket, and so I was saved. At five o'clock, still dusty, dirty, and weary, I climbed into the most luxurious car it has ever been my good fortune to ride in. I found that the section of which I was the lucky possessor for the trip, was a little deliciously upholstered drawing-room, with cushions and hangings of a tint that I think I have seen described somewhere as crushed strawberry. The fittings were of satin wood and the ceiling was decorated in silver. There were silvered lighting arrangements too. Not gas brackets, my friend, for the whole train is illuminated by electricity. Well, I found that there was a toilet-room connected with that section of mine, which, together with the section, could be cut off from the rest of the train, and so if I wanted privacy I could have all I wanted. I did want it, because I had a number of letters with me that I had found at the office and that I had no time to read carefully before I started. I shut myself in for a while with my letters, after washing my face and hands, and getting the porter to give me a thorough brushing.

"Then I became aware of the fact that I was hungry, and so I made inquiry as to the dining car. It was forward, I was told, and I strolled thither, passing through another car on my way. Although we were running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, there was no necessity of catching hold of the seats to steady myself as I went. That train glided along as smoothly as a sleigh on polished runners over hard packed snow, and I walked from one end of it to the other as I would walk through this corridor. I found the rest of the sleeping car in which I was located was upholstered in *gendarme* blue, with woodwork of Hungarian mahogany, and the way in which the two colors harmonized was a delightful change from what I had been used to on the western roads. The vestibule arrangement I found a most charming innovation. In passing from car to car, there was no banging to of the door with one hand, holding one's hat with the other to keep it from flying off, and then making a grab for the handle of the door of the next car, in mortal terror of being swung from the platform. No, sir! It was a step over a carpeted vestibule, between velvet curtains which hid from view the rubber joints that connected the two cars.

"Did I dine? Well, I should say I did, and sumptuously to, in as pretty a little dining-room—excuse me, car I mean—as man ever sat down in. The table linen was spotless, and the service unexceptional. There were flowers in a little vase in front of a mirror over the table between the windows, and whenever I raised my eyes they fell upon a most ornate *bouffe*, that fairly shone with silver, glass, and polished brass. This dining car was fitted up in old oak, with blue-green velours hangings and upholstery generally. The dinner cost me a dollar, and was better than the best dollar-and-a-half dinner I ever ate in a hotel. I had a pint of Pommery too, for which I paid the usual two dollars. I smoked a cigar after dinner in the smoking car, which, with its stained oak book cases and brackets, its bric-a-brac on the shelves, and its softly cushioned wicker chairs, was more like a comfortable library in some city house, than the interior of a car running across the country at a speed that a few years ago no railroad dared even to attempt. I had some letters to answer, and so I sat down there at a desk and answered them. If I was at a loss for the spelling of a word, a dictionary was at hand, and if I wanted an address, all I had to do was ask the porter for a directory of the city in which the lost party resided. Before I had finished writing, it was after nine o'clock, and we had passed Fort Wayne and were thundering on towards Crestline, our next stopping place.

"As I was tired I turned in early, and I slept as soundly as though I were in my own home. I slept far into the morning, and when I awoke and went into breakfast, we were somewhere between Pittsburg and Altoona. After breakfast I went into the barber shop and——"

"The barber shop!" interrapted his companion. "Where did you find a barber shop?"

"On the train of course. O, I didn't speak of it before, did I? Well, that's another feature exclusively the property of the Pennsylvania's New York and Chicago Limited. Yes, sir. There is a barber shop there, and a good barber too. I was shaved without a scratch, had my hair trimmed, and felt as fresh as a field daisy in June. I found a book in the library that interested me until lunch time, and just as I got through luncheon we arrived at Harrisburg, promptly on schedule time—1.55. There I got the New York papers, looked over the grain markets, wired an order to my partner to buy 5000 bushels of July wheat for my account, and settled down with a cigar between my teeth for an hour or two with the news of the day. About four o'clock I took my satchel, made my way to the bath-room—O! yes; there's a bath-room, too—had a delightfully refreshing bath, put on clean clothes, and donned this black and white attire which you now see. Before I had finished, we had stopped at Broad Steet Station, in Philadelphia, for five minutes, and were shooting out over the Schuylkill on the last stage of the journey. Another delicious dinner occupied another hour and more. When I went into the smoking car, we were somewhere between Trenton and New Brunswick, and though there was no perceptible swaying of the train or jolting either, I was told shortly afterwards that we had made the run of twenty-five miles between those two points in exactly twenty seven minutes. Pretty fast going that, eh? Before I had finished my second cigar we were in Jersey City. I took the upper ferry, arrived on the New York side at sharp seven o'clock, jumped into a cab and walked into the church to night in time to get a good seat forward, from which I witnessed my friend's marriage from start to finish.

"My verdict consequently is that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's new Vestibuled Train beats the world. There's not another road on the face of this globe that could have afforded such a service as that, and I am willing to make any bet on it that you choose to propose."

Then the Hon. Wolfe Rahill made the announcement that he intended to take the Limited back to Chicago at nine o'clock this morning, and bade his friend good night.

The Hungry Man of the Age.

An Essex man has the biggest appetite in all Massachusetts, if not in the United States. He eats vast quantities of food, but all to no purpose, for he is growing weaker and thinner. Doctors have tried in vain to cure him and once, at the advice of one of them, he abstained for fifty-two hours from eating anything. But the suffering during that period was most intense, and finding he could stand it no longer he started in and eat continuously for twenty-seven minutes as fast as he could bolt down the food. Then he walked out into the yard, and still feeling hungry, immediately re entered the house and repeated the operation of a few moments before. At the end of the second meal he was still hungry, but was afraid to eat any more.

H. Rider Haggard, the author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Dawn," "Jess," etc, is only 31 years old. When 19 he went to Natal with Sir H. Bulwer, and afterward served on the staff of Sir T. Shenstone. He left the colonial service in 1878, and began practicing law in London. He has received immense sums of money for his books, but only £13,105 for his American royalties.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do it, be work and live at home. Either sex; all ages, something new; that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. dec24-86,1y.

40 DOLLARS pays for LIFE SCHOLARSHIP in PALMS' BUSINESS COLLEGE 1709 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Positions for Graduates. Time required 3 to 4 mos. The Best Equipped, Best Course of Study, Best Everything. Write for Circulars.

A HANDSOME WEDDING, BIRTHDAY OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR

Combining a Parlor, Library, Smoking, Reclining or Invalid CHAIR, LOUNGE, BED, or COUCH.

Price $7.00 and up. Send stamp for Catalogue. | 32 SHIPPED to all parts of the world.

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All furnished with the Automatic Coach Brake, and Retailed at our Wholesale Prices. Send stamp for Catalogue and mention carriages.

OVER 50 Changes.

THE LUBURG MANF'G CO., 145 N. 8th St., Philada., Pa.

October 22 86 3yrs.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 192 Fulton Street, N. Y.

nov19-86,1y

KASKINE. (THE NEW QUININE.)

Gives Good Appetite, New Strength, Quiet Nerves, Happy Days, Sweet Sleep,

A POWERFUL TONIC that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, and all Germ Diseases.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine.

"For eight years I had dumb ague intolerably. Wished myself dead a score of times. I never found a medicine worth the bottle that held it, until I took Kaskine. That was a happy day for me. It gave me appetite and strength. I can sleep like a top. I stand by every word of this.—Thos. Toole, Schuylerville, N. Y.

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army, and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Mrs. Caroline Asten, Astoria, N. Y., says: "Last winter I ran down so rapidly from malaria that I would faint away sitting in my chair. I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. Using it three weeks I was well. It caused a general getting up of my nature. I think but for Kaskine I should now be dead.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details, will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by MOYER BROS., Bloomsburg, Pa., or sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York. 1 CAN'S DIZZY

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.
BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

NORTH. p.m.	NORTH. a.m.	STATIONS.	SOUTH. a.m.	SOUTH. a.m.	SOUTH. p.m.
9 00	12 30	8 30	Scranton	6 10	9 15	2 05
8 54	12 26	8 26	Bellevue	6 15	9 20	2 10
8 48	12 22	8 22	Taylorville	6 20	9 26	2 15
8 40	12 15	8 16	Lackawanna	6 27	9 34	2 22
8 33	12 08	8 10	Pittston	6 34	9 41	2 30
8 27	12 03	8 03	West Pittston	6 40	9 47	2 36
8 22	11 58	7 58	Wyoming	6 45	9 52	2 41
8 17	11 54	7 54	Maltby	6 49	9 56	2 44
8 12	11 50	7 50	Bennetts	6 53	10 00	2 47
8 08	11 47	7 47	Kingston	6 58	10 05	2 50
8 08	11 47	7 47	Kingston	6 58	10 05	2 50
8 03	11 42	7 42	Plymouth June	7 02	10 10	2 55
7 59	11 38	7 38	Plymouth	7 07	10 15	3 00
7 54	11 34	7 34	Avondale	7 12	10 20	3 05
7 50	11 30	7 30	Nanticoke	7 15	10 25	3 10
7 43	11 23	7 23	Hunlock's Creek	7 23	10 32	3 17
7 32	11 12	7 12	Shickshinny	7 37	10 44	3 29
7 18	11 00	7 00	Hick's Ferry	7 50	11 11	3 52
7 11	10 54	6 54	Beach Haven	7 57	11 06	3 58
7 05	10 47	6 47	Berwick	8 04	11 13	4 12
6 58	10 41	6 41	Briar Creek	8 10	11 20	4 05
6 54	10 38	6 38	Willow Grove	8 14	11 25	4 16
6 50	10 34	6 34	Lime Ridge	8 18	11 29	4 20
6 42	10 27	6 27	Espy	8 25	11 36	4 27
6 36	10 21	6 21	Bloomsburg	8 30	11 44	4 34
6 30	10 16	6 16	Rupert	8 36	11 50	4 40
6 25	10 11	6 11	Catawi'a Bridge	8 41	11 55	4 46
6 08	9 56	5 56	Danville	8 58	12 13	5 04
6 00	9 49	5 49	Philasky	9 05	12 20	5 12
5 55	9 45	5 45	Cameron	9 08	12 26	5 17
5 40	9 32	5 32	Northumberland	9 25	12 40	5 35
p.m.	a.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m

W. F. HALSTEAD, Supt.
Superintendent's office, Scranton, Feb. 1st, 1886

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect May 29, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD,

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York, 5.20 p. m.; Baltimore, 3.10 p. m.; Washington, 5.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.43 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore, 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 4.55 a. m.; Washington 6.05 a. m.; Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run; on this train from Williamsp't to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

2.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.25 a. m. New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 8.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for Erie and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.55—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate station.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.30 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.53. a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m., with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.20 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.35 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Wilkes-Barre accom. leaves Sunbury 2.55 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 3.51; Wilkes-Barre, 5.00 p m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.36 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m.

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.25 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.54 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkesbarre 5.0 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., sunbury 5.10p.m

Catawissa accom. leaves Nescopeck 5.05 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 5.39 p m; Sunbury, 6.25 p m.

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9.25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11.45 a.m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 5.10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.39 p. m., Sunbury, 7.20 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent

PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR F. F. ADAMS & CO., FINE CUT CHEWING TOBACCO

Sole agents of the following brands of Cigars.

HENRY CLAY, LONDRES, NORMAL, INDIAN PRINCESS, SAMSON, SILVER ASH.

Alexander Bros. & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN CIGARS, TOBACCO, CANDIES, FRUITS AND NUTS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR HENRY MAILLARDS FINE CANDIES. FRESH EVERY WEEK.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

ANY ORDER FOR FESTIVAL will be SUPPLIED WITH THE LOWEST Market Prices, AS FOLLOWS: ORANGES, LEMONS, BANANAS, PEANUTS, ENGLISH WALNUTS, CREAM NUTS, ALMONDS, POP CORN BALLS.

PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY.

DISTILLED from selected Barley Malt and guaranteed to be chemically pure and free from injurious oils and acids often contained in alcoholic liquors. It is especially adapted to persons requiring a stimulating tonic, Consumptives being greatly benefited by its use. Recommended by leading physicians as a Diuretic, Nervine, Tonic and Alterative. For Consumptives it is invaluable. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WH